





## ROGER'S POETICAL WORKS

Abraham Lincoln discussed Shakespeare's plays with William D. Kelley and the actor, John McDonald, at the White House.

In Mr. Kelley's article in *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, recounting the interview, he closes with these words:

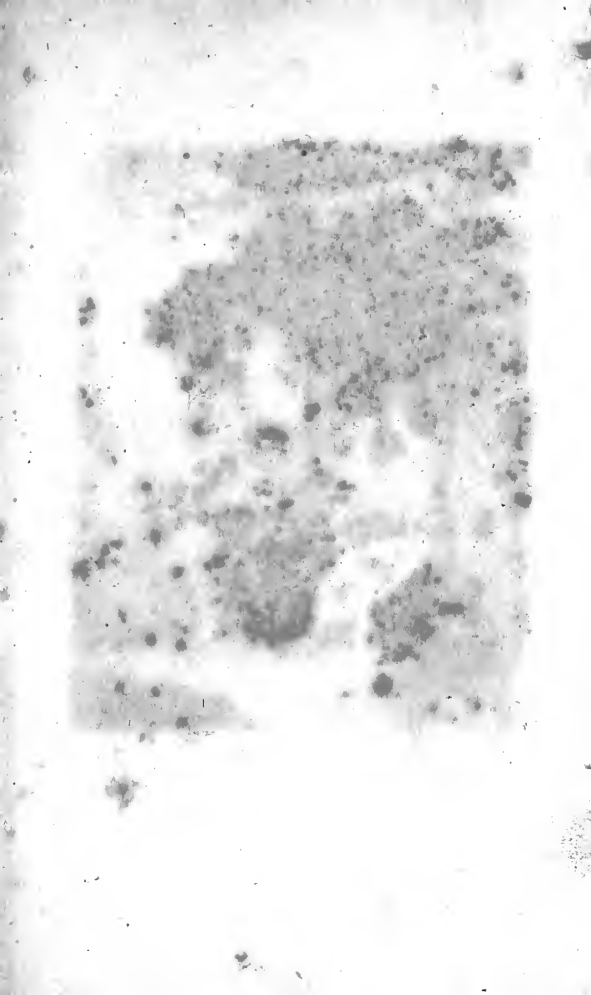
"It must not be supposed that Mr. Lincoln's poetical studies had been confined to his plays. He interspersed his remarks with extracts striking from their similarity to, or contrast with, something of Shakespeare's, from Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and other English poets."

(See page 267, *Allen Thorndike Rice's Reminiscences by Distinguished Men.*)

H. E. Barker

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Around my ivy porch shall spring  
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
 In russet gown and apron blue.

*Published by R. & W. A. Bartow, New York.*

THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY  
and  
*other Poems*  
by Samuel Rogers, Esq.

---

*to which is added*

THE  
PAINS OF MEMORY,

by

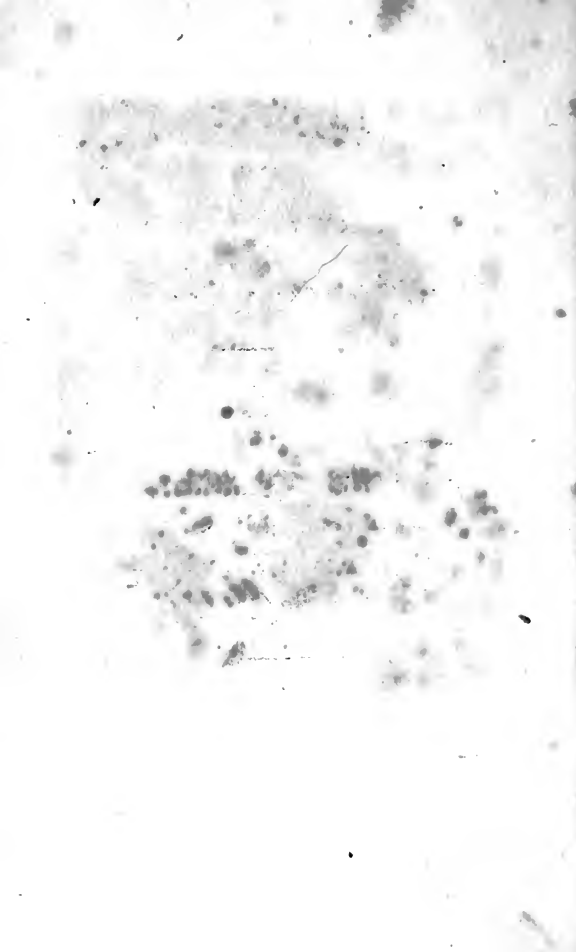
*Robert. Henry. A. M.*

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NEW-YORK

Published by R & W A Bartow  
347 Pearl Street, (Franklin square,) and  
W. A. Bartow, Richmond. (vir.)

1820.





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BY SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

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*To which is added,*

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BY ROBERT MERRY, A. M.  
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NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY R. & W. A. BARTOW, 347 PEARL-  
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## INVOCATION.



OH ! could my mind, unfolded in my page,  
Enlighten climes and mould a future age !  
There as it glowed, with noblest frenzy fraught,  
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought ;  
To virtue wake the pulses of the heart  
And bid the tear of emulation start !  
Oh ! could it still, through each succeeding year,  
My life, my manners, and my name endear !  
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust !  
Still hold communion with the wise and just,—  
Yet should this verse, my leisure's best resource,  
When through the world it steals its secret course,  
Revive but once a generous wish suppress,  
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest ;  
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,  
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy ;  
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,  
Though short their date, as him who traced them here.



THE

**PLEASURES OF MEMORY.**

**PART I.**



. . . . . Hoc est  
Vivere his, vita possee priore frui.

MART.





# ANALYSIS

OF THE

## FIRST PART.



THE poem begins with the description of an obscure village and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause ; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that there is a continued succession of ideas in the mind, and that they introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. Their complexion depends greatly on the different perceptions of pleasure and pain which we receive through the medium of sense ; and, in return, they have a considerable influence on the animal economy

They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the

former species is, most probably, the memory of brutes ; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to ourselves, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind ; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another which was connected with it, either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects ; hence, also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original : and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness ; and as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature ; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

THE

## PLEASURES OF MEMORY.



### PART I.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village green,  
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.  
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,  
When, round the ruins of their ancient oak,  
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,  
And games and carols closed the busy day.  
Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more  
With treasured tales of legendary lore.  
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows  
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.  
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!  
—What pensive sweets this silent spot endear!

Mark yon old mansion, frowning through the trees,  
Whose hollow turret woo's the whistling breeze

That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,  
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.  
The mould'ring gateway strews the grass-grown court,  
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;  
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,  
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,  
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,  
The martin's old, hereditary nest,  
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !  
Oh, haste, unfold the hospitable hall !  
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,  
The chair of justice held the grave debate.  
Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung !  
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;  
When round yon ample board, in due degree,  
We sweetened every meal with social glee.  
The heart's light laughter crowned the circling jest ;  
And all was sunshine in each little breast.  
'Twas here we chased the slipper by its sound ;  
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.  
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;  
And fancy fluttered, on her wildest wing.  
Giants and genii chained the wondering ear ;  
And orphan-woes drew nature's ready tear.  
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,  
Or viewed the forest feats of Robin Hood :  
Oft, faucy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,  
With startling step, we scaled the lonely tower ;

O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,  
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye house-hold deities ! whose guardian eye  
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high :  
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,  
And breathe the soul of inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.  
The storied arras, source of fond delight,  
With old achievement charms the wildered sight ;  
And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,  
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.  
The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart,  
The clock still points its moral to the heart !  
That faithful monitor, 'twas heaven to hear !  
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near ;  
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,  
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of time ?  
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,  
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought ;  
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust ; [dust,  
Those once-loved forms, still breathing through their  
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,  
Starting to life—all whisper of the past !

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,  
What fond illusions swarm in every grove !  
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,  
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;  
Welcomed the wild-bee home, on wearied wing,  
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !  
How oft inscribed with friendship's votive rhyme,  
The bark, now silvered by the touch of time ;

Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,  
Through sister elms that waved their summer-shade ;  
Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,  
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,  
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green !  
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and, lo ! they live !  
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.  
Thou last, best friend that heaven assigns below,  
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know ;  
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,  
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;  
Thee would the muse invoke !—to thee belong  
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.  
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,  
When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight steals !  
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,  
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;  
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,  
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,  
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay,  
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;  
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear  
Some little friendship, formed and cherished here !  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems  
With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed  
The gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gazed ;

Gazed on her sun-burnt face, with silent awe,  
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw ;  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,  
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlets bred,  
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ; [shade,  
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :—  
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,  
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,  
And traced the line of life with searching view ! [fears,  
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and  
To learn the colour of my future years !  
Ah, then what honest triumph flushed my breast !  
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest !  
We led the bending beggar on his way ;  
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey,  
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.  
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,  
And wept to think that little was no more,  
He breathed his prayer, 'long may such goodness live !'  
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.  
Angels, when mercy's mandate winged their flight,  
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

But hark ! through those old firs, with sullen swell  
The church-clock strikes ! ye tender scenes farewell !  
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace  
The few fond lines that time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel door,  
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,

Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,  
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring ;  
Alas ! unconscious of the kindred earth,  
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,  
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.  
Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,  
He lectured every youth that round him played ;  
And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,  
Roused him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here alone  
I search the records of each mouldering stone.  
Guides of my life ! instructors of my youth !  
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of truth ?  
Whose every word enlightened and endeared ;  
In age beloved, in poverty revered ;  
In friendship's silent register ye live,  
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.  
—But when the sons of peace and pleasure sleep,  
When only sorrow wakes and wakes to weep,  
What spells entrance my visionary mind,  
With sighs so sweet, with raptures so refined !  
Ethereal power ! whose smile, at noon of night,  
Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight ;  
Instills that musing, melancholy mood,  
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good ;  
Blest MEMORY, hail ! oh, grant the grateful muse,  
Her pencil dipt in nature's living hues,  
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,  
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.



(1)

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !  
Each stamps its image as the other flies !  
Each as the varied avenues of sense  
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,  
Brightens or fades: yet all, with magic art,  
Control the latent fibres of the heart.  
As studious PROSPERO'S mysterious spell  
Convened the subject spirits to his cell ;  
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,  
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.  
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source,  
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,  
And through the frame invisibly convey  
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play.  
Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore,  
From reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.  
What different spheres to human bliss assigned !  
What slow gradations in the scale of mind !  
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought ;  
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought !  
The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,  
And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,  
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see  
The dear abode of peace and privacy ;  
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,  
The smoke's blue wreathes ascending with the breeze,  
The village-common, spotted white with sheep,  
The church-yard yews, round which his fathers  
All rouse reflection's sadly-pleasing train, [sleep ; (2)  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild TUPIA dared explore  
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,

And, with the sons of science, wooed the gale,  
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;  
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu, (3)  
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,  
And all his soul best loved, such tears he shed,  
While each soft scene of summer beauty fled :  
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,  
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast ;  
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,  
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day, (4)  
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.  
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height  
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light ;  
But now the morn, with orient hues, portrayed  
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :  
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,  
And, lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire, (5)  
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.  
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,  
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.  
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh; (6)  
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.  
For this FOSCARI, whose relentless fate (7)  
Venus should blush to hear the muse relate,  
When exile wore his blooming years away,  
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,  
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,  
For this he roused her sanguinary laws ;  
Glad to return, though hope could grant no more  
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart :  
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.  
Aerial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,  
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale ;  
In wild Vaucluse with love and LAURA dwell,  
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell. (8)  
'Twas ever thus. And now at VIRGIL's tomb, (9)  
We bless the shade and bid the verdure bloom :  
So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of time, (10)  
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ;  
When at his feet, in honoured dust disclosed,  
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.  
And as his youth in sweet delusion hung,  
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung ;  
Who now but meets him musing when he roves  
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves ?  
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll  
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul ?  
And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :  
We gaze on every feature till it lives ;  
Still the fond lover views his absent maid ;  
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !  
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep, (11)  
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep ?  
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace  
The father's features in his infant face ;  
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,  
Won by the charm of innocence at play ;  
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,  
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What though the iron school of war erase  
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace ;

What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest  
 Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast ;  
 Still shall this active principle preside,  
 And wake the tear to pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,  
 Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,  
 If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild (12)  
 Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,  
 Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,  
 And sinks, a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm ;  
 Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm ; (13)  
 Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom  
 Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed. [bled, (14)  
 When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind (15)  
 The imperial fasces of a world resigned,  
 Say why we trace the labours of his spade,  
 In calm Salona's philosophic shade.

Say, when ambitious Charles renounced a throne, (16)  
 To muse with monks, unlettered and unknown,  
 What from his soul the parting tribute drew ?  
 What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu ?  
 The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast,  
 Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppressed.

Undamped by time, the generous instinct glows  
 Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ;  
 Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,  
 On every form of varied life imprest.

The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—  
 And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,  
 The war-worn courser charges at the sound,  
 And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale  
Leaned on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;  
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,  
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.  
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,  
And on the scathed oak warred the winter wind ;  
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray  
Gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his way ;  
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,  
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;  
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,  
The track that shunned his sad, inquiring eye ; (17)  
And win each wavering purpose to relent !  
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,  
That his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,  
And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose altered form  
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm ;  
And who will first his fond impatience meet ?  
His faithful dog's already at his feet ;  
Yes, though the porter spurn him from his door,  
Though all, that knew him, know his face no more,  
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,  
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.  
And see, the master but returns to die !  
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly ?  
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,  
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth ;  
These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,  
Will firm fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove,  
The wreath of conquest, or the vows of love ?

Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight!  
Monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the sight.  
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,  
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies ;—  
'Tis vain ! through ether's pathless wild she goes,  
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird ! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest, (18)  
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.

When with the silent energy of grief,  
With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief.  
Want with her babes, round generous valour clung,  
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue  
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye ;  
Alas ! 'twas thine perchance the first to die, [the sky.  
Crushed by the meagre hand, when welcomed from

Hark the bee winds her small but mellow horn, (19)  
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.

O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,  
And many a stream allures her to its source.  
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought  
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,  
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind ;  
Its orb so full, its vision so confined !  
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?  
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell .  
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue  
Of varied scents, that charmed her as she flew.  
Hail, MEMORY, hail ! thy universal reign  
Guards the least link of being's glorious chain.

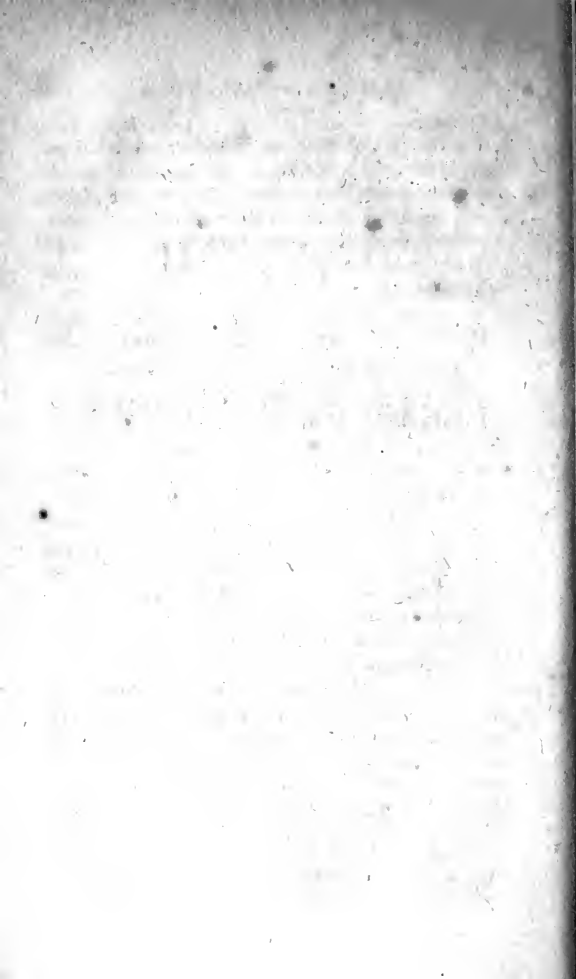
THE  
**PLEASURES OF MEMORY.**

**PART II.**



..... Degli anni e de l'oblio nemica  
Delle cose custode, e dispensiera.

TASSO.





# ANALYSIS

OF THE

## SECOND PART.



THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals ; but, with respect to man, she has a higher province , and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life : for we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past. On her agency depends every effusion of the fancy, whose boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected and retained.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having

acted well.—When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens the train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life ; events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well regulated mind that the memory is most perfect ; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a tale, illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the poem concludes with a conjecture, that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

THE

## PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

---

### PART II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by the gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages, and climes remote, to thee impart  
What charms in genius, and refines in art;  
Thee, in whose hand the keys of science dwell:  
The pensive portress of her holy cell;  
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp  
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

The friends of reason, and the guides of youth,  
Whose language breathed the eloquence of truth;

Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught  
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought ;  
These still exist, by thee to fame consigned (20)  
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From thee sweet hope her airy colouring draws ;  
And fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.  
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,  
Which only virtue, tranquil virtue, knows.

When joy's bright sun has shed his evening-ray,  
And hope's delusive meteors cease to play :  
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,  
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows :  
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night  
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,  
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review ;  
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace  
Some social scene, some dear familiar face ;  
Forgot, when first a father's stern control  
Chased the gay visions of her opening soul :  
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell  
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,  
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,  
To love and joy still tremblingly alive ;  
The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,  
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song ;  
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,  
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,  
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,  
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till time has calmed the ruffled breast,  
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest ;

Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,  
Is heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,  
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.  
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;  
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,  
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !  
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,  
Go, view the captive bartered as a slave !  
Crushed till his high heroic spirit bleeds,  
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,  
Lo MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind :  
Her dear delusion sooth his sinking soul,  
When the rude scourge assumes its base control ;  
And o'er futurity's blank page diffuse  
The full reflection of their vivid hues.  
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,  
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore ;  
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew,  
The simple transports that with freedom flew ;  
Catch the cool breeze that musky evening blows,  
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows ;  
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,  
And chant the rude traditional verse ;  
With those, the loved companions of his youth,  
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah ! why should virtue dread the frowns of fate ?  
Hers that no wealth can win, no power create !  
A little world of clear and cloudless day,  
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay :

A world with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,  
The home of happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,  
When sleep has locked the senses in her chain.  
When sober judgment has his throne resigned,  
She smiles away the chaos of the mind ;  
And, as warm fancy's bright Elysium glows,  
From her each image springs, each colour flows.  
She is the sacred guest ! the immortal friend !  
Oft seen o'er sleeping innocence to bend,  
In that dead hour of night to silence given,  
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round  
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,  
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,  
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies ;  
Though far below the forked lightnings play,  
And at his feet the thunder dies away,  
Oft in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,  
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,  
With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees  
His children sport beneath their native trees,  
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,  
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy madness dwell ?  
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell ?  
Each fiery flight on frenzy's wing restrain,  
And mould the coinage of the fevered brain ?  
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,  
There in the dust the wreck of genius lies !  
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought  
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought ;

Who from the quarried mass, like PHIDIAS, drew  
Forms ever fair, creations ever new !  
But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of fame,  
The spectre poverty unnerved his frame :  
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore ;  
And hope's soft energies were felt no more.  
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art ! (21)  
From the rude stone what bright ideas start !  
E'en now he claims the amaranthine wreath,  
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe !  
And whence these scenes, these images, declare ;  
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair !

Awake, arise ! with grateful fervour fraught,  
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.  
He who, through nature's various walk, surveys  
The good and fair her faultless line portrays ;  
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,  
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best ;  
May range, at will, bright fancy's golden clime,  
Or, musing, mount where science sits sublime,  
Or wake the spirit of departed time.  
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,  
A blooming Eden in his life reviews !  
So rich the culture, though so small the space,  
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace :  
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,  
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh ! (22)  
The weary waste that lengthened as he ran,  
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span !  
Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,  
By truth illumined, and by taste refined ?

When age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,  
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,  
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue  
Some long-loved image vanished from her view!  
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,  
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast :  
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,  
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So through the grove the impatient mother flies,  
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries,  
Till the light leaves the truant boy disclose,  
Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined  
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind,  
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;  
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,  
When richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,  
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile ;  
And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile ?  
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich, go ;  
And own what raptures from reflection flow.

Hail noble structures imaged in the wave !  
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.  
Hail blest retreats, from war and shipwreck, hail !  
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.  
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,  
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage ;  
Long have ye known reflection's genial ray  
Gild the calm close of valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,  
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease :



A softer tone of light pervades the whole,  
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued  
Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude ?  
To mark the sweet simplicity of life,  
Far from the din of folly's idle strife :  
Nor, with attention's lifted eye, revered  
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE reared :  
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour ;  
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,  
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace.

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride, (23)  
O'er his dead son old ORMOND nobly sighed.  
Thus, through the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy grove,  
MARIA's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a gothic tower  
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,  
Then when the shades of time serenely fall  
On every broken arch and ivyed wall ;  
The tender images we love to trace,  
Steal from each year ' a melancholy grace !'  
And as the sparks of social love expand,  
As the heart opens in a foreign land,  
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,  
The stranger greets each native of his isle ;  
So scenes of life, when present and confest,  
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;  
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,  
However trivial, and however rude,  
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh  
With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know ;  
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.  
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,  
When the hushed grove has sung its parting lay ;  
When pensive twilight, in her dusky car,  
Comes slowly on to meet the evening star ;  
Above, below, aerial murmurs swell,  
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell !  
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,  
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.  
So oft the finer movements of the soul,  
That shun the sphere of pleasures gay control,  
In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,  
And breathe their sweet seraphic harmonies !

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,  
Preserved in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime,  
When nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw  
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,  
A blithe and blooming forester explored  
Those nobler scenes SALVATOR'S soul adored ;  
The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood,  
And the cleft oak, flung boldly o'er the flood.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose, (24)  
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows ;  
When the wrapt youth, recoiling from the roar,  
Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar ;  
And through the rifted cliffs, that scaled the sky,  
Derwent's clear mirror charmed his dazzled eye. (25)  
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,  
Through morn's grey mist its melting colours gave ;  
And o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove ;  
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brushed the orient dew,  
From rock to rock the young adventurer flew ;  
And days last sunshine slept along the shore,  
When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.  
Imbowering shrubs with verdure veiled the sky,  
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye ;  
Save when a mild and momentary gleam  
Glanced from the white foam of some sheltered stream.

O'er the the still lake the bell of evening tolled,  
And on the moor the shepherd penned his fold ;  
And on the green hill's side the meteor played ;  
When, hark ! a voice sung sweetly through the shade,  
It ceased—yet still in FLORIO's fancy sung,  
Still on each note his captive spirit hung ;  
Till o'er the mead a cool sequestered grot  
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.  
A crystal water crossed the pebble floor,  
And on the front these simple lines it bore :

Hence away, nor dare intrude !

In this secret, shadowy cell

Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,

With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,

To taste that peace the world denies.

Intranced she sits ; from youth to age,

Reviewing life's eventful page ;

And noting, ere they fade away,

The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gained a rude and rocky seat,  
When lo, the genius of this still retreat !  
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace  
The pensive softness of her angel-face ?

Can VIRGIL's verse, can RAPHAEL's touch impart  
Those finer features of the feeling heart,  
Those tenderer tints that shun the careless eye, .  
And in the world's contagious climate die ?

She left the cave, nor marked the stranger there ;  
Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air,  
Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul !  
In every nerve he felt her blest control !  
What pure and white-winged agents of the sky,  
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,  
In form congenial spirits when they meet ?  
Sweet is their office,—as their nature sweet !  
Florio, with fearful joy, pursued the maid  
Till through a vista's moonlight-checquered shade,  
Where the bat circled, and the rocks reposed,  
Their wars suspended, and their councils closed ;  
An antique mansion burst in awful state,  
A rich vine clustering round its gothic gate.  
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene  
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green ;  
And, slow advancing, hailed him as his guest,  
Won by the honest warmth his looks exprest.  
He wore the rustic manners of a squire,  
Age had not quenched one spark of manly fire ;  
But giant gout had bound him in her chain,  
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here remembrance, sweetly-soothing power !  
Winged with delight confinements lingering hour.  
The foxes brush still emulous to wear,  
He scoured the county in his elbow-chair ;  
And, with view-hallo, roused the dreaming hound,  
That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confined  
His aged hunters course the viewless wind ;  
And each, with glowing energy pourtrayed,  
The far-famed triumphs of the field displayed :  
Usurped the canvass of the crowded hall,  
And chased a line of heroes from the wall.  
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,  
And many a smile and many a story drew !  
High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,  
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.  
How would he dwell on each vast antler there !  
This dashed the wave, that fanned the mountain air ;  
Each, as it frowned, unwritten records bore,  
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong ?—his only child,  
His darling JULIA on the stranger smiled.  
Her little arts a fretful sire to please,  
Her gentle gaiety and native ease,  
Had won his soul ; and rapturous fancy shed  
Her golden lights and tints of rosy red :  
But ah ! few days had passed ere the bright vision fled.

When evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,  
And her deep shades irregularly threw ;  
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,  
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove ; (26)  
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite,  
Amused the fisher's solitary night ;  
And still the mitred window, richly wreathed,  
A sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting through the silent glade,  
With fearful gaze, their various course surveyed.

High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,  
His streaming beard the sport of every wind ;  
And as the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,  
Rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave ;  
The eagle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,  
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant nest.

And now the moon had dimmed, with dewy ray,  
The few fine flushes of departing day ;  
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,  
And her broad lights on every mountain flung ;  
When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blew, (27)  
And to the surge consigned its little crew.  
All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore  
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,  
Her sense had fled !—exhausted by the storm,  
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form ;  
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired ;  
'Twas life's last spark—it fluttered and expired.

The father strewed his white hairs in the wind,  
Called on his child—nor lingered long behind :  
And FLORIO lived to see the willow wave,  
With many an evening whisper o'er their grave.  
Yes, FLORIO lived—and, still of each possest,  
The father cherished, and the maid carest !

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,  
With JULIA's spirit through the shadowy grove ;  
Gaze with delight on every scene she planned,  
Kiss every floweret planted by her hand.  
Ah ! still he traced her steps along the glade,  
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betrayed  
Half viewless forms ; still listened as the breeze  
Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees ;

And at each pause her melting accents caught,  
In sweet delirium of romantic thought !  
Dear was the grot that shunned the blaze of day ;  
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.  
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,  
Murmured of JULIA'S virtues as it fell ;  
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,  
In FLORIO'S ear breathed language not its own.  
Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY threw,  
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too.

But is her magic only felt below ?  
Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow ;  
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere, (28)  
She yields delight but faintly imaged here ?  
All that till now their rapt researches knew,  
Not called in slow succession to review ;  
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,  
At once presented to their glad survey !

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,  
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;  
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,  
Since first creation's choral anthem flowed,  
Each ready flight, at mercy's smile divine,  
To distant worlds that undiscovered shine ;  
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,  
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal friendship, soar  
No more to part, to mingle tears no more !  
And, as the softening hand of time endears  
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,  
So there the soul, released from human strife,  
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;

Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers !  
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,  
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;  
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,  
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;  
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
And heaven and nature opened to their view !  
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees  
A smiling circle emulous to please ;  
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share  
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;  
With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know  
The humble walks of happiness below ;  
If thy blest nature now unites above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
Correct my views, and elevate my soul.  
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;  
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,  
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,  
To meet the changes time and chance present,  
With modest dignity and calm content.  
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,  
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed ;  
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;  
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?



The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,  
The inspiring voice of innocence and truth !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And place and time are subject to thy sway !  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;  
The only pleasures we can call our own.  
Lighter than air, hope's summer visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky !  
If but a beam of sober reason play,  
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !  
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,  
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?  
These when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light :  
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

END OF THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.



# NOTES

## ON THE FIRST PART.



### NOTE 1. Page 17.

*Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!*

WHEN a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to procure some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and gathered up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, 'Take this home,' said he, 'for your cabinet; and say boldly, Questa e Roma Antica.

### NOTE 2. Page 17.

*The church-yard yews, round which his fathers sleep.*

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads that habit, and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, 'What !' they replied, 'shall we say to the bones of our fathers, arise, go with us into a foreign land ?'

Hist. des Indes, par M. l'Abbe Raynal, vi. 21.

NOTE 3. Page 13.

*So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu—*

He wept ; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears concurred, with them, to do him honour ; he went to the mast head, waving to the canoes as long as they continued in sight.

HAWKESWORTH'S Voyages, ii. 181.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe, with M. de Bougainville. See Les Jardins, par M. l' Abbe de Lille, chant ii.

NOTE 4. Page 13.

*So Scotia's queen, &c.*

Elle se leve sur son lit, & se met a contempler la France encor, et tant qu' elle peut.

BRANTOME, tom. i. p. 140.

NOTE 5. Page 18.

*As kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire—*

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of the decline and fall of the Roman empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the capital ; and to the tones of

a Welsh harp are we indebted for the bard of Gray. GIBBON'S Hist. xii. 432.—Memoirs of Gray, sect. iv. let. 25.

## NOTE 6. Page 18.

*Hence home-felt pleasure, &c.*

Who can sufficiently admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters; 'As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less.' Vit. Dem.

## NOTE 7. Page 19.

*For this FOSCARI, &c.*

This young man was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion is good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice. See Dr. MOORE'S View of Society in Italy, vol. i. let. 14.

## NOTE 8. Page 19.

*And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell.*

The Paraclete founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

## NOTE 9. Page 19.

*Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb—*

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilippo ; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro ispirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the muses.

## NOTE 10. Page 19.

*So TULLY paused amid the wrecks of time.*

When Cicero was quaestor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.

Tusc. Quaest. 5. 3.

## NOTE 11. Page 19.

*Say why the pensive widow loves to weep.*

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses.

Od. xxi. 55.

## NOTE 12. Page 20.

*If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild—*

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches ; cet air si cheri des Suisses qu'il fut defendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu' il faisoit fondre en larmes, deserter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent desir de revoir leur pays. ROUSSEAU, Dictionnaire de Musique.

## NOTE 13. Page 20.

*Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm.*

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment ; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret*

SUET, in Vit. Vesp. cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *monente forma priore*, infinitis aedificiis circundedit. Hist. August. 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born. Memoires de Mlle. de Montpensier, i. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind ; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

To a friend, says John, Duke of Buckingham, I will expose my weakness ; I am oftener missing a pretty gallery

in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart: and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope's Letters—I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child. POPE'S WORKS, viii. 151.

Nor did the poet feel the charm more forcibly than his editor. See HURD'S Life of Warburton, 51, 99.

The elegant author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of Ali-bee Persan. See *Recueil de Fables, composees pour l'Educacion d'un prince*.

#### NOTE 14. Page 20.

*Why great NAVARRE, &c.*

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray, where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.

*Memoires de SULLY, tom. ii. p. 381.*

#### NOTE 15. Page 20.

*When DIOCLETIAN'S self-corrected mind—*

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to reassume the reins of government and the imperial purple. He reject-



ed the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power. GIBBON, ii. 175.

## NOTE 16. Page 20.

*Say, why ambitious CHARLES renounced a throne—*

When the emperor Charles V. had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of St. Justus, he stopped a few days at Ghent, says his historian, to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth.

ROBERTSON'S Hist. iv. 256.

## NOTE 17. Page 21.

*Then did his horse the homeward track descrie.*

The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a pleasing little romance of the twelfth century, entitled the "Grey Palfrey." See the tales of the *trouveurs*, as collected by M. Le Grand—*Fabliaux ou Contest du XII et du XIII Siecle*. iv. 195.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

. . . . Va manfueto a la Donzella.

. . . . .  
Ch'in Albracca il servia gia di sua mano.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, canto i. 75.

## NOTE 18. Pag 22.

*Sweet bird thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest.*

During the seige of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it ; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.

THUANUS, lib. lv. c. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the seige of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.

Hist. Nat. x. 37.

## NOTE 19. Page 22.

*Hark ! the bee, &c.*

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye cannot see many inches before her.

# NOTES

## ON THE SECOND PART.



NOTE 20. Page 23.

*These still exist, &c.*

THERE is a future existence even in this world ; an existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us. It is in reserve for every man, however obscure ; and his portion, if he be diligent, must be equal to his desires. For in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place, but such as know, and are known by us ? These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these and their descendants we may live evermore.

It is a state of rewards and punishments ; and like that revealed to us in the gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favour of God ; the former to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men ; and both conduce to the same end ; for in framing our conceptions of the deity, we only ascribe to him exalted degrees of wisdom and goodness.

## NOTE 21. Page 31.

*Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art.*

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.

See the RAKE'S PROGRESS, plate 8.

## NOTE 22. Page 31.

*Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!*

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot neglect the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of memory ;—oh supremely blest  
 And justly proud beyond a poet's praise ;  
 If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast  
 Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays ;  
 By me how envied ;—for to me,  
 The herald still of misery,  
 Memory makes her influence known  
 By sighs, and tears, and grief, alone ;  
 I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong  
 The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.  
 Alone, at midnight's haunted hour,  
 When nature woo's repose in vain,  
 Remembrance wastes her penal power,  
 The tyrant of the burning brain ;  
 She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost,  
 Of fair occasions gone for ever by ;  
 Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crost,  
 Of many a cause to wish, yet fear, to die ;

For what, except the instinctive fear  
 Lest she survive, detains me here,  
 When "all the life of life" is fled?—  
 What, but the deep inherent dread,  
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign  
 And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign!

## NOTE 23. Page 33.

*Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued, &c.*

On the road-side between Penrith and Appelby, stands a small pillar with this inscription :

'This pillar was erected in the year 1656; by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April 1616: in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4l. to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!'

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and has its source in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

## NOTE 23. Page 33.

*Thus with the manly glow of honest pride,  
 O'er his dead son old ORMOND nobly sighed.*

Ormond bore the loss with patience and dignity, though he ever retained a pleasing, however melancholy, sense of the signal merit of Ossory. 'I would not exchange my dead son,' said he, 'for any living son in Christendom.'

HUME, vi. 340.

The same sentiment is inscribed on Miss Dolman's urn, at the Leasowes.

Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse !

NOTE 24. Page 34.

*High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose.*

This bird, according to Mr. Pennant, is remarkable for his exultation during the spring ; when he calls the hen to his haunts with a loud and shrill voice, and is so inattentive to his own safety as to be easily shot. Brit. Zoology, 266.

NOTE 25. Page 34.

*Derwent's clear mirror, &c.*

The lake of Keswick, in Cumberland.

NOTE 26. Page 37.

*Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.*

A small wooded island once dignified with a religious house.

NOTE 27. Page 38.

*When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blew.*

In a lake, surrounded with mountains, the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in

gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells, than it subsides.

See BOURN's Hist. of Westmoreland.

NOTE 28. Page 39.

*To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,  
She yields delight but faintly imaged here*

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.

LOCKE on Human Understanding. book ii. chap. x. 9.





## ODE

TO

## SUPERSTITION.

---

### I. 1.

HENCE, to the realms of night, dire demon, hence!  
Thy chain of adamant can bind  
That little world the human mind,  
And sink its noblest powers to impotence.  
Wake the lion's loudest roar,  
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,  
With flashing fury bid his eye-balls glare;  
Meek is his savage, sullen soul to thine! [breast, (1)  
Thy touch, thy deadening touch, has steeled the  
Whence, through her rainbow-shower, soft pity  
Has closed the heart each godlike virtue blest, [smiled;  
To all the silent pleadings of his child.  
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,  
At thy command exults, though nature bids him weep!

## I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth, (2)  
 Thou darted'st thy huge head from high,  
 Night waved her banners o'er the sky.  
 And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth.  
 Rocking on the billowy air,  
 Ha ! what withering phantoms glare !  
 As blows the blast with many a sullen swell,  
 At each dead pause, what shrill toned voices yell !  
 The sheeted spectre rising from the tomb,  
 Points at the murderer's stab, and shudders by ;  
 In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,  
 That veils its genius from the vulgar eye ;  
 The spirit of the water rides the storm,  
 And through the midst, reveals the terrors of his form.

## I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where winter reigns,  
 And holds each mountain-wave in chains,  
 The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer (3)  
 By glittering star-light through the snow,  
 Breathes softly in her wondering ear  
 Each potent spell thou bad'st him know.  
 By thee inspired, on India's sands,  
 Full in the sun the bramin stands : (4)  
 And, while the panting tigress hies  
 To quench her fever in the stream,  
 His spirit laughs in agonies, (5)  
 Smit by the scorplings of the noontide beam.  
 Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,  
 Blooming in her bridal vest :  
 She hurls the torch ! she fans the fire !  
 To die is to be blest : (6)

She clasps her lord to part no more,  
 And, sighing, sinks ! but sinks to soar.  
 O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,  
 The sisters sail in dusky state, (7)  
 And, wrapt in clouds, in tempests tost,  
 Weave the airy web of fate ;  
 While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main, (8)  
 Sees o'er her hills advance the long drawn funeral train.

## II. 1.

Thou spakest, and lo ! a new creation glowed,  
 Each unhewn mass of living stone  
 Was clad in horrors not its own,  
 And at its base the trembling nations bowed.  
 Giant error, darkly grand,  
 Grasped the globe with iron hand.  
 Circled with seats of bliss, the lord of light  
 Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.  
 The statue, waking with immortal powers, (9)  
 Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the spheres,  
 The indignant pyramid sublimely towers,  
 And braves the efforts of a host of years.  
 Sweet music breathes her soul into the wind, [mind.  
 And bright-eyed painting stamps the image of the

## II. 2.

Round their rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers rise !  
 A timbrelled anthem swells the gale,  
 And bids the god of thunders hail ; (10)  
 With lowings loud the captive god replies.  
 Clouds of incense woo thy smile,  
 Scaly monarch of the Nile ! (11)  
 But ah ! what myriads claim the bended knee ? (12)  
 Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.

Proud land ; what eye can trace thy mystic lore ?  
 Locked up in characters as dark as night ! (13)  
 What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore, (14)  
 To which the parted soul oft wings her flight ;  
 Again to visit her cold cell of clay,  
 Charmed with perennial sweets, and smiting at decay ?

## II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright (15)  
 With purple ether's liquid light,  
 High o'er the world, the white-robed magi gaze  
 On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire ;  
 Start at each blue, portentous blaze,  
 Each flame that flits with adverse spire.  
 But say, what sounds my ear invade (16)  
 From Delphi's venerable shade ?  
 The temple rocks, the laurel waves !  
 ' The god ! the god ! ' the sybil cries.  
 Her figure swells ! she foams ! she raves !  
 Her figure swells to more than mortal size !  
 Streams of rapture roll along,  
 Silver notes ascend the skies :  
 Wake, echo, wake, and catch the song,  
 Oh catch it ere it dies.  
 The sibyl speaks, the dream is o'er,  
 The holy harpings charm no more.  
 In vain she checks the god's controul ;  
 His madning spirit fills her frame,  
 And moulds the features of her soul,  
 Breathing a prophetic flame.

## III. 1.

The cavern frowns ! its hundred mouths unclose !  
 And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire flows

Mona, thy druid-rites awake the dead !  
 Rites thy brown oaks will never dare  
 Even whisper to the idle air ;  
 Rites that have chained old ocean on his bed.  
 Shivered by thy piercing glance,  
 Pointless falls the hero's lance,  
 Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly, (17)  
 And blasts the laureate wreath of victory.  
 Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string !  
 At every pause dread silence hovers o'er :  
 While murky night sails round on raven-wing,  
 Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar ;  
 Chased by the morn from Snowdon's awful brow, [low.  
 Where late she sat and scowled on the black wave be-

## III. 2.

Lo steel-clad war his gorgeous standard rears !  
 The red-cross squadrons madly rage, (18)  
 And mow through infancy and age ;  
 Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.  
 Veiling from the eye of day,  
 Penance dreams her life away ;  
 In cloistered solitude she sits and sighs,  
 While, from each shrine, still small responses rise.  
 Hear, with what heart-felt beat, the midnight bell  
 Swings its slow summons through the hollow pile !  
 The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,  
 To walk, with taper dim, the winding aisle ;  
 With coral chantings vainly to aspire,  
 Beyond this nether sphere, on rapture's wing of fire.

## III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,  
 Hence, with the rack and reeking wheel.

Faith lifts the soul above this little ball!  
While gleams of glory open round,  
And circling choirs of angels call.  
Canst thou, with all thy terrors crowned,  
Hope to obscure that latent spark,  
Destined to shine when suns are dark?  
Thy triumphs cease! through every land,  
Hark! TRUTH proclaims thy triumphs cease;  
Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,  
Benignly points to piety and peace.  
Flushed with youth, her looks impart  
Each fine feeling as it flows;  
Her voice the echo of her heart,  
Pure as the mountain-snows;  
Celestial transports round her play,  
And softly, sweetly die away.  
She smiles! and where is now the cloud  
That blackened o'er thy baleful reign?  
Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,  
Shrinking from her glance in vain.  
Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,  
And, lo! it visits man with beams of light and love.

# NOTES

ON THE

## ODE TO SUPERSTITION.



### NOTE 1. Page 57.

AN allusion to the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

### NOTE 2. Page 58.

Quæ caput a coeli regionibus ostendebat,  
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans.

LUCRETIVS, l. i. v. 65.

### NOTE 3. Page 58.

When we were ready to set out, our host muttered  
some words in the ears of our cattle.

See a voyage to the north of Europe, in 1653.

NOTE 4. Page 58.

The bramins voluntarily expose their bodies to the intense heat of the sun.

NOTE 5. Page 58.

*Ridens moriar.* The conclusion of an old Runic ode, preserved by Olaus Wormius.

NOTE 6. Page 58.

In the *Bedas*, or sacred writings of the Hindoos, is this passage:—She who dies with her husband, shall live for ever with him in heaven.

NOTE 7. Page 59.

The fates of the northern mythology. See MALLETT'S *Antiquities*.

NOTE 8. Page 59.

An allusion to the second sight.

NOTE 9. Page 59.

See that fine description of the sudden animation of the *Palladium* in the second book of the *Æneid*.

NOTE 10. Page 59.

The bull *Apis*.

NOTE 11. Page 59.

The *Crocodile*.



## NOTE 12. Page 59.

So numerous were the deities of Egypt, that, according to an ancient proverb, it was in that country less difficult to find a god than a man.

## NOTE 13. Page 60.

Hieroglyphics.

## NOTE 14. Page 60.

The catacombs, in which the bodies of the earliest generations yet remain without corruption, by virtue of the gums that embalmed them.

## NOTE 15. Page 60.

'The Persians,' says Herodotus, 'reject the use of temples, altars, and statues. The tops of the highest mountains are the places chosen for sacrifices. i 131. The elements, and more particularly fire, were the objects of their religious reverence.'

## NOTE 16. Page 60.

In imitation of some wonderful lines in the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

## NOTE 17. Page 60.

See Tacitus, l. xiv. c. 59.

## NOTE 18. Page 61.

This remarkable event happened at the siege and sack of Jerusalem, in the last year of the eleventh century, when the triumphant croises, after every enemy was subdued and slaughtered, immediately turned themselves, with sentiments of humiliation and contrition, towards the holy sepulchre. They threw aside their arms, still streaming with blood; they advanced with reclined bodies, and naked feet and head, to that sacred monument: they sung anthems to their Saviour, who had purchased their salvation by his death and agony: and their devotion, enlivened by the presence of the place where he had suffered, so overcame their fury, that they dissolved in tears, and bore the appearance of every soft and tender sentiment.

HUME i. 221.

AN

# EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.



vilula . . . . et pauper agelle,  
Me tibi, et hos una mecum, quos semper amari,  
Commendo.



## PREFACE.

EVERY reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace, Pope, and Boileau, which describe how they lived, and where they dwelt ; and which, being interspersed among their satirical writings, derive a secret and irresistible grace from the contrast, and are admirable examples of what in painting is termed repose.

We have admittance to Horace at all hours. We enjoy the company and conversation at his table ; and his suppers, like Plato's, ' non solum in præsentia, sed etiam postero die jucundæ sunt.' But, when we look round as we sit there, we find ourselves in a Sabine farm, and not in a Roman villa. His windows have every charm of prospect ; but his furniture might have descended from Cincinnatus ; and gems, and pictures, and old marbles, are mentioned by him more than once with a seeming indifference.

His English imitator thought and felt, perhaps, more correctly on the subject ; and embellished his garden and grotto with great industry and success. But to these alone he solicits our notice.

On the ornaments of his house he is silent ; and appears to have reserved all the minuter touches of his pencil for the library, the chapel, and the banqueting room of Timon. ' Le savoir de notre siècle,' says Rousseau, ' tend beaucoup plus à détruire qu' à édifier. On censure d' un ton de maître ; pour proposer, il en faut prendre un autre.'

It is the design of this epistle, to illustrate the virtue of true taste, and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means ; while false taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare ; and reminds us, in her works, of the scholar of Apelles, who not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

## ARGUMENT.

AN invitation, v. 1. The approach to a villa described, v. 5. Its situation, v. 17. Its few apartments, v. 57. furnished with casts from the antique, and engravings from the Italian masters, v. 63. The dining-room, v. 83. The library, v. 89. A cold bath, v. 101. An ice-house, v. 111. A winter walk, v. 157. A summer walk, v. 169. The invitation renewed, v. 203. Conclusion, v. 211.

AN

## EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.



WHEN with a REAUMUR's skill, thy curious mind  
Has classed the insect-tribes of human kind,  
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,  
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting ;  
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,     [flowers ;  
Point the green lane that leads through fern and  
The sheltered gate that opens to my field,  
And the white front through mingling elms revealed.

In vain, alas, a village friend invites  
To simple comforts and domestic rites,  
When the gay months of Carnival resume  
Their annual round of glitter and perfume ;  
When Bond-street hails thee to its splendid mart,  
Its hives of sweets and cabinets of art ;

And, lo! majestic as thy manly song,  
Flows the full tide of human life along.  
Still must my partial pencil love to dwell  
On the home prospects of my hermit cell;  
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,  
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;  
And the brown pathway, that with careless flow,  
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.  
Still must it trace, the flattering tints forgive,  
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.  
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass (1)  
Browsing the hedge by fits the panniered ass;  
The idling shepherd boy, with rude delight,  
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;  
And in her kerchief blue the cottage maid,  
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.  
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,  
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires;  
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,  
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless, nor unsung;  
And through the various year, the various day, (2)  
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When April verdure springs in Grosvenor-square,  
And the furred beauty comes to winter there,  
She bids old nature mar the plan no more,  
Yet still the seasons circle as before.

Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays, [blaze;  
Though moons and flambeaux trail their broadest  
As soon the sky-lark pours his matin song,  
Though evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,  
As tapers shine their little lives away;



There let her practice from herself to steal,  
And look the happiness she does not feel;  
The ready smile and bidden blush employ  
At faro-routs that dazzle to destroy:  
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,  
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.  
Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,  
When morning fills the fields with rosy light;  
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,  
Repose with dignity, with quiet fame.  
Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,  
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;  
Yet modest ornament with use combined,  
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind. {quires, (3)  
Small change of scene, small space his home re-  
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What though no marble breathes, no canvass glows,  
From every point a ray of genius flows! (4)  
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,  
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;  
And cheaply circulates through distant climes,  
The fairest relics of the purest times.  
Here from the mould to conscious being, start  
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;  
Here chosen gems, impressed on sulphur, shine,  
That slept for ages in a second mine;  
And here the faithful graver dares to trace  
A MICHAEL's grandeur, and a RAPHAEL's grace!  
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,  
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!

Soon as the morning-dream my pillow flies,  
To waking sense what brighter visions rise!

O mark! again the coursers of the sun, (5)

At GUIDO's call, their round of glory run!

Again the rosy hours resume their flight,

Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget,

Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret,

That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,

Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings;

And still the few best loved and most revered (6)

Rise round the board their social smile endeared? (7)

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours;

There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!

There, while the shaded lamps mild lustre streams,\*

Read ancient books, or woo inspiring dreams; (8)

And when a sages bust arrests thee there, (9)

Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.

Ah, most that art my grateful rapture calls,

Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;†

Which gathers round the wise of every tongue, (10)

All on whose words departed nations hung;

Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;

Guides in the world, companions in retreat!

Though my thatched bath no rich mosaic knows,

A limped stream with unfelt current flows.

Emblem of life! which, still as we survey,

Seems motionless, yet ever glides away!

\* . . . . apis Matinæ

More modoque

Grata carpentis thyma . . . .

HOR.

† Postea vero quam Tyrannio mihi libros disposuit,  
mens addita videtur meis ædibus.

CIC.

The shadowy walls record, with attic art,  
 The strength and beauty that its waves impart.  
 Here THETIS, bending with a mother's fears,  
 Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.  
 There, VENUS, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,  
 As her fair self reflected seems to rise!

But hence away! yon rocky cave beware!  
 A sullen captive broods in silence there. (11)  
 There, though the dog-star flame, condemned to  
 In the dark centre of its inmost cell, [dwell,  
 Wild winter ministers his dread control,  
 To cool and chrystallize the nectared bowl!  
 His faded form an awful grace retains;  
 Stern, though subdued, majestic though in chains!

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,  
 And all 'the dull impertinence of life,'  
 These eyelids open to the rising ray, (12)  
 And close, when nature bids, at close of day.  
 Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows;  
 There noon-day levees call from faint repose.  
 Here the flushed wave flings back the parting light;  
 There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.  
 When from his classic dreams the student steals,\*  
 Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,  
 To muse unnoticed, while around him press  
 The meteor-forms of equipage and dress.

\* Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas,  
 Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque  
 Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit  
 Plerumque——

HOR.

Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand  
 A very stranger in his native land!  
 Like those blest youths, forgive the fabling page, (13)  
 Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,\*  
 Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade  
 Unclosed the cavern, and the morning played.  
 Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight!  
 New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!  
 In a new world they wake, as from the dead;  
 Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled!

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,  
 Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health!  
 Long, in this sheltered scene of lettered talk,  
 With sober step repeat the pensive walk;  
 Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,  
 The cheap amusements of a mind at ease;  
 Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,  
 And many an idle hour . . . . not idly passed.

No tuneful echoes, ambushed at my gate, (14)  
 Catch the blest accents of the wise and great;  
 Vain of its various page, no Album breathes  
 The sigh that friendship, or the muse bequeaths.  
 Yet some good genii o'er my hearth preside,  
 Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide;  
 And there I trace, when the grey evening low'rs,  
 A silent chronicle of happier hours!

When christmas revels in a world of snow,  
 And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;  
 His spangling shower, when frost the wizard flings;  
 Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,

O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,  
 And gems with icicles, the sheltering eaves ;  
 —Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,  
 What time the sun the yellow crocus woo's,  
 Screened from the arrowy north ; and duly hies\*  
 To meet the morning-rumor as it flies ;  
 To range the murmuring market-place, and view  
 The motley groups that faithful TENIERS drew. [vale

When spring bursts forth in blossoms through the  
 And her wild music triumphs on the gale,  
 Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile ;†  
 Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,  
 Framing loose numbers, till declining day  
 Through the green trellis shoots a crimson ray ;  
 Till the west-wind leads on the twilight hours,  
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy ! seat of soft delight, (15)  
 The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.  
 Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power !  
 Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,  
 Thy closet's supper, served by hands unseen,  
 Sheds, like an evening star, its ray serene, (16)  
 To hail our coming. Not a step profane  
 Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain ;  
 And, while the frugal banquet glows revealed,  
 Pure and unbought,‡ the natives of my field ;

\* Fallacem circum, vespertinumque perero  
 Sæpe forum.

HOR.

† Tantot, un livre en main, errant dans les preries—

BOILEAU.

‡ —dapes inemtās.

HOR.

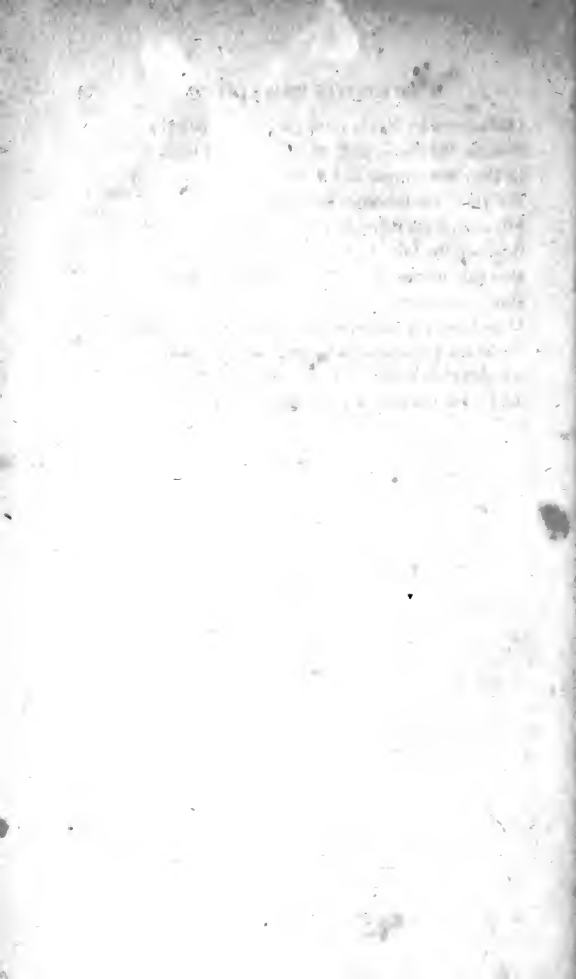
While blushing fruits through scattered leaves invite,  
Still clad in bloom, and veiled in azure light ;—  
With wine as rich in years as HORACE sings,  
With water, clear as his own fountain flings,  
The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,  
Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught  
With mental light and luxury of thought,  
My life steals on ; O could it blend with thine ;  
Careless my course, yet not without design.  
So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide, (17)  
The light raft dropping with the silent tide ;  
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,  
The busy people wing their various flight,  
Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless flowers,  
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch relieving clarions play,  
Caught through St. James's groves at blush of day ;  
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings  
Through trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.  
Haste, to the tranquil shade of learned ease,\*  
Though skilled alike to dazzle and to please ;  
Though each gay scene be searched with anxious eye,  
Nor thy shut door be passed without a sigh.  
If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,  
Some formed like thee, should once, like thee, explore,  
Invoke the lares of his loved retreat,  
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim feet ;  
Then be it said, as vain of better days,  
Some grey domestic prompts the partial praise ;

\* *Innocuas amo dolicias do etamque quietem.*

‘ Unknown he lived, unenvyed, not unblest ;  
Reason his guide, and happiness his guest.  
In the clear mirror of his moral page,  
We trace the manners of a purer age.  
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,  
Scorned the false lustre of licentious thought.  
One fair asylum from the world he knew,  
One chosen seat, that charms with various view !  
Who boasts of more, believe the serious strain,  
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas ! in vain.  
Through each he roves, the tenant of a day,  
And with the swallow, wings the year away !’ (18)





# NOTES

ON THE

## EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.



### NOTE 1. Page 72.

*Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass—*

Cosmo of Medicis, preferred his Apennine villa, because all that he commanded from his windows was exclusively his own.

How unworthy of his character; and how unlike the wise Athenian, who, when he had a farm to sell, directed the crier to proclaim, as its best recommendation, that it had a good neighbourhood!

Plut. in Vit. Themist.

### NOTE 2. Page 72.

*And, through the various year, the various day—*

Horace commends the house,

—longos quæ prospicit agros

And I think he is right. Distant views, if there be a good foreground, are generally the most pleasing; as they contain the greatest variety, both in themselves, and in their accidental variations.

Mr. GILPIN on the Highlands of Scotland, i. 259.

### NOTE 3. Page 73.

*Small change of scene, small space his home requires—*

Many a great man, in passing through the apartments of his palace, has made the melancholy reflection of the venerable Cosmo: “Questa e troppo gran casa a sì poco famiglia.” Mach. 1st. Fior. lib. vii.

“I confess,” says Cowley, “I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast.”

Essay vi.

So also says the conqueror of Silesia!

Petit bien, qui, ne doit rien,

Petite maison, petite table, &c.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, “small as it is,” he replied, “I wish I could fill it with friends.” PHAEDRUS, l. iii. 9.

These indeed are all that a wise man would desire to assemble; “for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.” BACON’S Essays, xxvii.

### NOTE 4. Page 73.

*From every point a ray of genius flows!*

By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature

wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, &c. ADDISON.

It is remarkable that Anthony, in his adversity, passed some time in a small but splendid retreat, which he called his Timonium, and from which probably originated the idea of the Parisian Boudoir, that favourite apartment, *ou l'on se retire pour etre seul, mais ou l'on ne boude point.*

STRABO, l. xvii. PLUT. in Vit. Anton.

#### NOTE 5. Page 74.

*O mark! again the coursers of the sun,  
At GUIDO'S call, &c.*

Alluding to his celebrated fresco in the Rospigliosi palace at Rome. It has been engraved by Jac Freij, and by Morghen.

#### NOTE 6. Page 74.

*And still the few best loved and most revered—*

The dining-room is dedicated to conviviality; or as Cicero somewhere expresses it, "*Communitati vitæ atque victus.*" There we wish most for the society of our friends; and, perhaps, in their absence, most require their portraits.

The moral advantages of this furniture may be illustrated by the pretty story of an Athenian courtesan, "who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on a portrait of a philosopher;

that hung opposite to her seat, the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room; and retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery."

WEBB's Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, p. 33.

#### NOTE 7. Page 74.

*Rise round the board, &c.*

"A long table, and a square table," says Bacon, "seem things of form, but are things of substance; for at a long table a few at the upper end, in effect, sway all the business."      Essay xx.

Perhaps Arthur was right, when he instituted the order of the round table. In the town-house of Aix-la-Chapelle is still to be seen the round table, which may almost literally be said to have given peace to Europe in 1748. Nor is it only at a congress of plenipotentiaries that place gives precedence.

#### NOTE 8. Page 74.

*Read ancient books, or woo inspiring dreams.*

The reader will here remember that passage of Horace,

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, &c.  
which was inscribed by Lord Chesterfield on the frieze of his library.

## NOTE 9. Page 74.

*And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there—*

Siquidem non solum ex auro argentove, aut certe ex ære in bibliothecis dicantur illi, quorum immortales animæ in iisdem locis ibi loquuntur: quinimo etiam quæ non sunt, finguntur, pariuntque desideria non traditi vultus, sicut in Homero evenit. Quo majus, ut equidem arbitror, nullum est felicitatis specimen, quam semper omnes scire cupere, qualis fuerit aliquis.

PLIN. Nat. Hist. xxxv. 2.

Cicero speaks with great affection of a little seat under Aristotle in the library of Atticus. "Literis sustentor et recreor; maloque in illa tua sedecula, quam habes sub imagine Aristotelis, sedere, quam in istorum sella curuli!"

Ep. ad Att. iv. 10.

Nor should we forget that Dryden used to draw inspiration from the "majestic face" of Shakspeare; and that a print of Newton was the only ornament of the closet of Buffon. Ep. to Kneller Voyage a Montbart par Hérault de Sechelles.

In the chamber of a man of genius we

Write all down:

Such and such pictures:—there the window;

. . . . . the arras, figures.

Why, such and such.

Cymbeline.

## NOTE 10. Page 74.

*Which gathers round the wise of every tongue.*

Quis tantis non gaudeat et gloriatur hospitibus, exclaims Petrarch—Spectare, etsi nihil aliud, certe juvat

—Homerus apud me mutus, immo vero ego apud illum surdus sum. Gaudeo tamen vultu aspectu solo, et sæpe illum amplexus aceusyrans dico : O magne vi, &c.

Epist. Var. Lib.

NOTE 11. Page 75.

*A sullen captive broods in silence there.*

This thought is most beautifully dilated in an inscription for an ice-house, by a lady of great celebrity in the literary world. Nor has it escaped Waller, in his verses on St. James's Park, v. 53.

NOTE 12. Page 75.

*These eyelids open to the rising ray.*

Your bedchamber, and also your library, says Vitruvius, should have an eastern aspect ; usus enim matutinum postulat lumen.

Not so the picture gallery, which requires a north light uti colores, propter constantiam luminis immutata permaneant qualitate.

L. vi. c. 6.

NOTE 13. Page 76.

*Like those blest youths, forgive the fabling page.*

See the legend of the Seven Sleepers, as translated from the Syriac by the care of Gregory of Tours.

GIBBON'S Hist. c. 33.

## NOTE 14. Page 76.

*Catch the blest actions of the wise and great.*

Mr. Pope delights in enumerating his illustrious guests. Nor is this an exclusive privilege of the poet. The Medici palace at Florence exhibits a long and imposing catalogue. “Semper hi parietes columnæque eruditis vocibus resonuerunt.”

Another is also preserved at Chanteloup, the seat of the duke of Choiseul.

## NOTE 15. Page 77.

*Nor boast, O Choisy! seat of soft delight—*

At the petits soupes of Choisy were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, afterwards carried to perfection by Lorient, the confidante and the servante; a table and a side-board, which descended, and rose again covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last by this singular contrivance to the quiet and privacy of human life.

Vie privée de Louis XV. tom. ii. p. 43.

## NOTE 16. Page 77.

*Sheds, like an evening-star, its rays serene.*

At a Roman supper, statues were sometimes employed to hold the lamps.

—Aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per ædeis,  
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris.

LUCR. ii. 24.

A fashion as old as Homer!

Odys. vii. 100.

On the proper degree and distribution of light we may consult a great master of effect. Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sara quello, che rendera le particole de' corpi molto grate. Tratt della Pittura di Lionardoda Vinci, c. xli.

Hence every artist requires a broad and high light. Hence also, in a banquet-scene, the most picturesque of all poets has thrown his light from the ceiling.

Æneid i. 730.

And hence the "starry lamps" of Milton, that

. . . . from the arched roof,

Pendent by subtle magic, . . . .

. . . . . yielded light

As from a sky.                  Paradise Lost, i. 276.

#### NOTE 17. Page 78.

*So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide.*

An allusion to the floating bee-house, or barge laden with bee-hives, which Goldsmith says he saw in some parts of France and Piedmont.

Hist. of the Earth, viii. 87.

#### NOTE 18. Page 79.

*And, with the swallow, wings the year away!*

It was the boast of Lucullus that he changed his climate with the birds of passage.

PLUT. in Vt. Lucull.

How often must he have felt the truth here inculcated, that the master of many houses has no home!



## TO THE GNAT.

WHEN by the green-wood side at summer eve,  
 Poetic visions charm my closing eye ;  
 And fairy scenes, that fancy loves to weave,  
 Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy ;  
 'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,  
 Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,  
 Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,  
 And all is solitude and all is night !

Ah now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,  
 Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air !  
 No guardian sylph, in golden panoply,  
 Lifts the broad shield, and points the sparkling spear.  
 Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,  
 Thy dragon scales still wet with humane gore.  
 Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings !  
 —I wake in horror, and 'dare sleep no more !'



A

## SKETCH OF THE ALPS

AT DAY-BREAK.

THE sun beams streak the azure skies,  
 And line with light the mountains brow ;  
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,  
 And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,  
 High on their iron poles they pass ;  
 Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,  
 Rend from above a frozen mass.\*

The goats wind slow their wonted way  
 Up craggy steeps and ridges rude !  
 Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,  
 From desert cave or hanging wood.  
 And while the torrent thunders loud  
 And as the echoing cliffs reply,  
 The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,  
 Perched like an eagles nest on high.

\* There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snow above.

GRAY, sect. v. let. 4.

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## IMITATED

FROM A

## GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels  
 And the blue vails a thousand joys recall,  
 See, to the last, last verge her infant steals !  
 O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.

Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
 And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

## THE SAILOR.

## AN ELEGY.

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade ;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,  
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah ! now each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,  
Its colors mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Through all the horrors of the stormy main ;  
This, the last wish with which its warmth could part,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When moon first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave ;  
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole :  
And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain forest, waving wide ;

Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo, at last he comes with crowded sail !  
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !  
And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis herself ! she waves her hand !  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furled ;  
Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,  
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.



## CAPTIVITY.

CAGED in old woods, whose reverend echoes wake  
When the hern screams along the distant lake,  
Her little heart oft flutters to be free,  
Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key.

In vain ! the nurse that rustic relic wears,  
Nor moved by gold—nor to be moved by tears ;  
And terraced walls their black reflection throw  
On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below.

## ON A TEAR.

OH ! that the chymist's magic art,  
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from CHLOE's eye ;  
Then trembling, left its coral cell—  
The spring of sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !  
In thee the rays of virtue shine ;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !  
Who ever flyest to bring relief,  
When first she feels the rude control  
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sages and the poets theme,  
In every clime, in every age ;  
Thou charmest in fancy's idle dream,  
In reasons philosophic page.

That very law\* which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

\* The law of gravitation.

## AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there,  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To every passing villager ;  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours  
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
Or crowns of living laurel weave,  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day  
The ballet danced in twilight glade,  
The canzonet and roundelay  
Sung in the silent green-wood shade :  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.



## TO A FRIEND

## ON HIS MARRIAGE.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers  
The maid thy earliest fondest wishes knew.  
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;  
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,  
She wins assurance from his soothing voice ;  
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,  
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame !  
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears !  
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim ;  
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears !

At each response the sacred rite requires,  
From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh.  
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires ;  
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play !  
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend !  
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,  
And settled sunshine on her soul descend !

Ah, soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought ! [ers ;  
That hand shall strew thy summer-path with flow-  
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,  
Gild the calm current of domestic hours !

A WISH.  
TO THE  
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER  
OF  
LADY \* \* \*

Ah ! why with tell-tale tongue reveal\*  
What most her blushes would conceal ?  
Why lift that modest veil to trace  
The seraph sweetness of her face ?  
Some fairer, better sport prefer ;  
And feel for us, if not for her.  
For this presumption, soon or late,  
Know, thine shall be a kindred fate.  
Another shall in vengeance rise—  
Sing Harriet's cheeks, and Harriet's eyes ;  
And, echoing back her wood-notes wild  
—Trace all the mother in the child !

\* Alluding to some verses which she had written on an elder sister.

---

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear ;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.



The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal a welcome guest.

Around my ivyed porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.



## A CHARACTER.

As through the hedgerow shade the violet steals,  
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals ;  
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,  
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.



## FAREWELL.

ONCE more, enchanting girl, adieu !  
I must begone, while yet I may.  
Oft shall I weep to think of you ;  
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,  
 For ever changing, yet the same ;  
 Ah, no, I dare not turn to trace ;  
 It melts my soul, it fires my frame !

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,  
 One little lock of those so blest  
 That lend your cheek a warmer glow,  
 And on your white neck love to rest.

—Say when to kindle soft delight,  
 That hand has chanced with mine to meet,  
 How could its thrilling touch excite  
 A sigh so short, and yet so sweet ?

O say—but no, it must not be.  
 Adieu, enchanting girl, adieu !  
 —Yet still, methinks, you frown on me  
 Or never could I fly from you.



## TO AN OLD OAK.

*Immota manet ; multosque nepotes,  
 Multa virum volvens durando saecula, vincit.*

VIRG.

Round thee, alas, no shadows move !  
 From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !  
 Yet within thee, thyself a grove,  
 Once did the eagle scream above,  
 And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel clad night reclined  
His sable plumage tempest tossed,  
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,  
From towers long fled by human kind,  
His brow the hero crossed !

Then culture came, and days serene,  
And village-sports, and garlands gay.  
Full many a pathway crossed the green,  
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen  
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,  
Whence many a navy thunder fraught,  
Erst in their acorn cells asleep,  
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,  
Opening new spheres of thought !

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,  
The holy druid saw thee rise ;  
And planting there the guardian spell,  
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell  
Of human sacrifice !

Thy singed top and branches bare  
Now straggle in the evening sky,  
And the wan moon wheels round to glare  
On the long corse that shivers there  
Of him who came to die !

## TO A VOICE THAT HAD BEEN LOST.

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor ?

Aeris et linguæ sum filia ;

Et, si vis similem pingere, pingere sonum.

AUSONIUS.

ONCE more, enchantress of the soul,  
Once more we hail thy soft control.

—Yet whither, whither didst thou fly !

To what bright region of the sky ?

Say, in what distant star to dwell ?

Of other worlds thou seemest to tell,

Or, trembling, fluttering here below,

Resolved and unresolved to go,

In secrets didst thou still impart

Thy rapture to the pure in heart ?

Perhaps to many a desert shore,

Thee, in his rage, the tempest bore ;

Thy broken murmurs swept along,

Mid echoes yet untuned by song ;

Arrested in the realms of frost,

Or in the wilds of ether lost.

—Far happier thou ! twas thine to soar,

Careering on the winged wind.

Thy triumphs who shall dare explore ?

Suns and their systems left behind.

No tract of space, no distant star,

No shock of elements at war,

Did thee detain. Thy wing of fire

Bore thee amidst the cherub choir ;

And there awhile to thee was given  
Once more that voice\* beloved to join,  
Which taught thee first a flight divine,  
And nursed thy infant years with many a strain from  
heaven !

\* The late Mrs. Sheridan's.

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## FRAGMENTS FROM EURIPIDES.

DEAR is that valley to the murmuring bees,  
The small birds build there ; and at summer-noon,  
Oft have I heard a child among the flowers,  
As in the shining grass she sat concealed,  
Sing 'to herself.

---

There is a streamlet issuing from a rock.  
The village girls, singing wild madrigals,  
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,  
And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her.  
Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,  
'Twas heaven to look upon ; and her sweet voice,  
As tuneable as harp of many strings,  
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul !

## WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

1786.

WHILE through the broken pane the tempest sighs,  
 And my step falters on the faithless floor,  
 Shades of departed joys around me rise,  
 With many a face that smiles on me no more ;  
 With many a voice that thrills of transport gave,  
 Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave !

---

 VERSES

WRITTEN TO BE SPOKEN BY

MRS. SIDDONS.\*

YES, 'tis the pulse of life ! my fears were vain !  
 I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.  
 Still in this nether world ; no seraph yet !  
 Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,  
 With troubled step to haunt the fatal board,  
 Where I died last, by poison or the sword ;  
 Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of night,  
 Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.  
 —To drop all metaphor, that little bell  
 Called back reality and broke the spell.

\* After a tragedy, performed for her benefit, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, April 27, 1795.

No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone ;  
A very woman—scarce restrains her own !  
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,  
When to be grateful is the part assigned ?  
Ah, no, she scorns the trappings of her art ;  
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart !  
But, ladies, say, must I alone unmask ?  
Is here no other actress ? let me ask.  
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,  
Know every woman studies stage effect.  
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,  
As instinct teaches, or as humor wills ;  
And, as the grave or gay talent calls,  
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First how her little breast with triumph swells,  
When the red coral rings its golden bells !  
To play in pantomime is then the rage,  
Along the carpet's many-coloured stage ;  
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavor,  
Now here, now there, in noise and mischief ever !

A school girl next, she curls her hair in papers,  
And mimics father's gout and mother's vapors ;  
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances ;  
Playful at church, and serious when she dances ;  
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,  
And whispers all she hears to all she knows ;  
Terror of caps and wigs, and sober notions !  
A romp ! that longest of perpetual motions !  
—Till tamed and tortured into foreign graces,  
She sports her lovely face at public places ;  
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,  
First acts her part with that great actor, MAN.

Too soon a flirt, approach her and she flies !  
Frowns when pursued, and, when-entreated, sighs ;  
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice ;  
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.  
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdained,  
And now she sues to slaves herself had chained.

Then comes that good old character, a wife,  
With all the dear, distracting cares of life ;  
A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,  
And in return, a thousand cards receive ;  
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,  
With nightly blaze set PORTLAND-PLACE on fire ;  
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,  
A metcor, traced by none, though seen by all,  
And, when her shattered nerves forbid to roam,  
In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home.  
Last the grey dowager, in ancient flounces,  
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces ;  
Boast how the sires of this degenerate isle  
Knelt for a look, and duelled for a smile.  
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,  
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal ;  
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,  
Like her own birds that clamor from their cages ;  
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,  
Like some old ruin, ‘ nodding to its fall !’  
Thus WOMAN makes her entrance and her exit ;  
Not least an actress, when she least suspects it,  
Yet nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,  
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot ;  
Full oft, with energy scorns control,  
At once lights up the features of the soul ;



Unlocks each thought chained down by coward art,  
And to full day the latent passions start !  
—And she, whose first, best wish is your applause,  
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.  
Born on the stage—through every shifting scene,  
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,  
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fired !  
And can she act with thoughts like these inspired ?  
Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,  
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things !  
To you unchecked, each genuine feeling flows ;  
For all that life endears—to you she owes.

---

## TO TWO SISTERS.\*

WELL may you sit within, and, fond of grief,  
Look in each other's face and melt in tears.  
Well may you shun all counsel, all relief,  
Oh, she was great in mind, though young in years.

Changed is that lovely countenance, which shed  
Light when she spoke ; and kindled sweet surprise,  
As o'er her frame each warm emotion spread,  
Played round her lips, and sparkled in her eyes.

Those lips so pure, that moved but to persuade,  
Still to the last enlivened and endeared.  
Those eyes at once her secret soul conveyed,  
And ever beamed delight when you appeared.

\* On the death of a younger sister.

Yet has she fled the life of bliss below,  
That youthful hope in bright perspective drew ?  
False were the tints ! false as the feverish glow  
That o'er her burning cheek distemper threw !

And now in joy she dwells, in glory moves !  
Glory and joy reserved for you to share ;  
Far, far more blest in blessing those she loves,  
Than they, alas ! unconscious of her care.



## WRITTEN IN A SICK CHAMBER.

THERE, in that bed so closely curtained round,  
Worn to a shade, and wan with slow decay,  
A father sleeps ! oh hushed be every sound !  
Soft may we breathe the midnight hours away !

He stirs—yet still he sleeps. May heavenly dreams  
Long o'er his smooth and settled pillow rise ;  
Till through the shattered pane the morning streams,  
And on the hearth the glimmering rush light dies.

TO THE

FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES,

COMMONLY CALLED

## THE TORSO.

AND dost thou still, thou mass of breathing stone,  
Thy giant limbs to night and chaos hurled,  
Still sit as on the fragment of a world ;  
Surviving all, majestic and alone ?  
What though the spirits of the north, that swept  
Rome from the earth, when in her pomp she slept,  
Smote thee with fury, and thy headless trunk  
Deep in the dust mid tower and temple sunk ;  
Soon to subdue mankind 'twas thine to rise,  
Still, still unquelled thy glorious energies !  
Aspiring minds, with thee conversing caught\*  
Bright revelations of the good they sought :  
By thee that long-lost spell† in secret given,  
To draw down gods, and lift the soul to heaven !

\* In the gardens of the Vatican, where it was placed by Julius II, it was long the favourite study of those great men, to whom we owe the revival of the arts, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the Caracci.

† Once in the possession of Praxiteles, if we may believe an ancient epigram on the Gnidian Venus.

Analecta Vet. Poetarum, III. 200.

## IMITATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET.\*

LOVE, under friendship's vesture white,  
 Laughs, his little limbs concealing ;  
 And oft in sport, and oft in spite,  
 Like pity meets the dazzled sight,  
 Smiles through his tears revealing.  
 But now as rage the god appears !  
 He frowns, and tempests shake his frame !—  
 Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,  
 'Tis love ; and love is still the same.

\* See Gray's Mem. sec. II. lett. 30.



## AN EPITAPH\*

## ON A ROBIN REDBREAST.

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,  
 When piping winds are hushed around,  
 A small note wakes from under ground,  
 Where now his tiny bones are laid.  
 No more in lone and leafless groves,  
 With ruffled wing and faded breast,  
 His friendless, homeless spirit roves ;  
 —Gone to the world were birds are blest !  
 Where never cat glides o'er the green,  
 Or school-boy's giant form is seen :  
 But love, and joy, and smiling spring  
 Inspire their little souls to sing !

\* Inscribed on an urn in the flower-garden at Hafod.

## ON A GIRL ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of heaven awhile.  
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still seem to smile,  
And move, and breathe delicious sighs !—

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,  
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.  
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks  
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !  
Her fair hands folded on her breast ;  
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps !  
A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! above control,  
Thy thoughts belong to heaven and thee !  
And may the secret of thy soul  
Repose within its sanctuary !

---

TO ———\*

AN ! little thought she, when, with wild delight,  
By many a torrent's shining track she flew ;  
When mountain-glens and caverns full of night  
O'er her young mind divine enchantment threw.

\* On the death of her sister.

That in her veins a secret horror slept,  
 That her light footsteps should be heard no more,  
 That she should die—nor watched alas, nor wept  
 By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.

Yet round her couch indulgent fancy drew  
 The kindred forms her closing eye required.  
 There didst thou stand—there, with the smile she knew,  
 She moved her lips to bless thee and expired.

And now to thee she comes ; still, still the same,  
 As in the hours gone unregarded by !  
 To thee, how changed, comes as she ever came ;  
 Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye !

Nor less, less oft, as on that day, appears,  
 When lingering, as prophetic of the truth,  
 By the way-side she shed her parting tears—  
 For ever lovely in the light of youth !



## VERSES

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.\*

WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and with a sigh,  
 Mark where the small remains of greatness lie.†

\* After the funeral of the Right Hon Charles James Fox, on Friday, October 10, 1806.

† Venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur,  
 &c. Bossuet. Oraison funebre de Louis de Bourbon.

There sleeps the dust of him forever gone ;  
 How near the scene where once his glory shone !  
 And, though no more ascends the voice of prayer.  
 Though the last footsteps cease to linger there,  
 Still like an awful dream that comes again,  
 Alas, at best, as transient and as vain,  
 Still do I see, while through the vaults of night  
 The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite ;  
 The moving pomp along the shadowy isle,  
 That, like a darkness, filled the solemn pile  
 The illustrious line, that in long order led,  
 Of those that loved him living, mourned him dead,  
 Of those, the few, that for their country stood  
 Round him who dared be singularly good ;  
 All, of all ranks, that claimed him for their own ;  
 And nothing wanting—but himself alone !\*

Oh say, of him now rests there but a name,  
 Wont, as he was, to breathe ethereal flame ?  
 Friend of the absent ! guardian of the dead ! †  
 Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed ?  
 Such as he shed on NELSON'S closing grave ;  
 How soon to claim the sympathy he gave !  
 In him, resentful of another's wrong,  
 The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong ;  
 Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—  
 Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too ?

What though with war the madding nations rung,  
 ' Peace,' when he spoke, dwelt ever on his tongue !

\* Et rien enfin ne manque dans tous ces honneurs, que cetui a qui on les rend.—Bossuet Oraison de Louis de Bourbon.

† Alluding particularly to his speech on moving a new writ for the borough of Tavistock, March 16, 1802.

Amidst the frowns of power, the tricks of state,  
Fearless, resolved, and negligently great !  
In vain malignant vapours gathered round ;  
He walked, erect, on consecrated ground.  
The clouds that rise to quench the orb of day,  
Reflect its splendour, and dissolve away !

When in retreat he laid his thunder by,  
For lettered ease and calm philosophy,  
Blest were his hours within the silent grove,  
Where still his god-like spirit deigns to rove ;  
Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,  
For many a deed, long done in secret there.  
There shone his lamp on Homer's hallowed page.  
There listening, sate the hero and the sage ;  
And they, by virtue and by blood allied,  
Whom most he loved, and in whose arms he died.

Friend of all human-kind ! not here alone  
The voice, that speaks, was not to thee unknown,  
Wilt thou be missed—o'er every land and sea.  
Long, long shall England be revered in thee !  
And, when the storm is hushed—in distant years—  
Foes on thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears !



## TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,  
Mingled with her thou lovest in fields of light,  
And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,  
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.



There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,  
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !  
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept !  
And such is man, soon from his cell of clay  
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day !



## THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :  
Remote from man, with God he passed the days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seemed heaven itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;  
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :  
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it right ;  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)  
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fixed the scallop in his hat before ;  
Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass ;  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;  
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,  
A youth came posing o'er a crossing way ;  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair ;  
Then near approaching, father, hail ! he cried,  
And hail, my son, the reverend sire replied ;  
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,  
And talk of various kind deceived the road ;  
'Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart ;  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose :  
When near the road a stately palace rose :  
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.  
It chanced the noble master of the dome,  
Still made his house the wandering strangers home :  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive, the liv'ried servants wait ;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate,  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good ;  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,  
An early banquet décked the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,  
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.  
Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo ;  
His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who 'spies a serpent in his way,  
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;  
So seemed the sire ; when far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.  
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,  
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part :  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds :  
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimproved around :  
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driv'n by the wind and battered by the rain.  
At length some pity warmed the masters breast,  
( 'Twas then, his threshold first received a guest )  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;  
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls ;  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,  
( Each hardly granted ) served them both to dine ;  
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit viewed  
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
And why should such, ( within himself he cried )  
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?  
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,  
In every settling feature of his face !  
When from his vest the young companion bore  
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,  
And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :  
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.  
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought,  
With all the travel of uncertain thought ;  
His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :  
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,  
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.  
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :  
It seemed to speak its masters turn of mind,  
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :  
Their greeting fair bestowed, with modest guise,  
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
From him you come, from him accept it here,  
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.  
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,  
When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world renewed the calm repose,  
Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose ;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,  
And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,  
O strange return ! grew black, and gasped and died.  
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !

How looked our hermit when the fact was done ?  
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breath blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way :  
A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,  
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
Detested wretch—But scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seemed no longer man :  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
Celestial odours breath through purpled air ;  
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.  
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passions grew,  
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;  
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke.)

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :  
These charms, success in our bright regions find,  
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;  
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
In this the right of Providence is laid ;  
Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work his ends :  
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
The power exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, not controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?  
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine.

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
Ne'er moved in duty to the wand'ring poor ;  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the child half weaned his heart from God ;  
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,  
And measured back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had his dotage run ?  
But God, to save the parent, took the son.  
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)  
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back ?  
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal !  
And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus heaven instructs thy mind : This trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.  
Thus looked Elisha, when to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky ;



The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,  
Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.  
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
And passed a life of piety and peace.



## THE SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

DEAD to the soft delights of love,  
Spare me, O ! spare me, cruel boy ;  
Nor seek in vain that heart to move,  
Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy swain,  
(When smit with fair Pastora's charms)  
I served thee many a long campaign,  
And wide I spread thy conquering arms.

Now mighty god, dismiss thy slave,  
To feeble age let youth succeed ;  
Recruit among the strong and brave,  
And kindly spare an invalid.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares,  
Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains !  
My soul for better guests prepares,  
Reason restored, and virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe, tell me why ?

Why trickles down this silent tear ?

Why do these blushes rise and die ?

Why stand I mute when thou art here ?

Ev'n sleep affords my soul no rest,

Thee bathing in the stream I view ;

With thee I dance, with thee I feast,

Thee through the gloomy grove pursue.

Triumphant god of gay desires !

Thy vassal's raging pains remove ;

I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,

Oh ! take my life, or crown my love.

THE  
**PAINS OF MEMORY.**  
A POEM.

BY ROBERT MERRY, A. M.

Oh, memory ! thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain,  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to pain ;  
Thou'rt like the world, the opprest oppressing,  
Thy smiles increase the wretch's wo,  
And he who wants each other blessing,  
In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

A very excellent poem, called 'THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY,' was some time since published in London, written by Mr. Samuel Rogers, a banker of eminence, and a gentleman of great talents, taste, and learning. In repeated conversations with him on the subject, I however maintained the opinion, that REMEMBRANCE, more frequently occasioned uneasiness than delight, that it was rather the source of regret than satisfaction. To connect, therefore, the arguments I had urged, and the instances I had stated, the following little work was undertaken, and, as it was not unfavourably received in England, I now venture to reprint it in this country, with some few alterations and additions.

R. M.

PHILADELPHIA, }  
DEC. 13, 1796. }

THE

## PAINS OF MEMORY.



WHEN mournful evening's gradual vapours spread  
O'er the dim plain, and veil the river's bed ;  
While her own star with dull and wat'ry eye  
Peeps through the severing darkness of the sky ;  
While the mute birds to lonely coverts haste,  
And silence listens on the slumb'rous waste ;  
When tyrant frost his strong dominion holds,  
And not a blade expands, a bud unfolds,  
But nature dead, divested of her green,  
Clothed in a solemn pallid shroud is seen :  
When gathered thunders burst, abrupt, and loud,  
And midnight lightning leaps from cloud to cloud,  
Or rends, with forceful, momentary stroke,  
The ivy'd turret, and the giant oak ;

Can mere remembrance wake meridian mirth,  
Bedeck with visionary charms the earth ;  
Renew the season when each wakening flower  
Lifted its leaves to drink the morning shower ;  
Dispel the gloom, the fiery storm remove,  
Gem the wide vault and animate the grove ?  
The fond illusions could but feebly show,  
The colour's scarce appear, or faintly glow,  
Fixed would the sad realities remain,  
And memory waste her vaunted stores in vain.  
Alas ! all inefficient is her power,  
To cheer, by what is past the present hour,  
For every good gone by, each transport o'er,  
She may regret, but never can restore.  
Yet shall her festering touch corrode the heart,  
Compel the subjugated tear to start.  
She calls grim phantoms from the shadowy deep,  
And sends her furies forth to torture sleep :  
The lapse of time, the strength of reason dares,  
And with fresh rage her straining rack prepares.

Say, can the man, oppressed by grief, review  
With tranquil eye the pleasures that he knew,  
When in content, with love and friendship blest,  
Their soft emotions charmed his youthful breast ;  
And as he gave each wild idea scope,  
Looked to new joy, with renovated hope ?  
Ah, no ! his thought with melancholy range !  
Traces the progress of the afflictive change,  
Adds to the immediate evil he endures,  
By strong control each struggling pang secures ;  
Till tired, and shocked, he turns him in despair,  
From things that have been, to the things that are.

For what avails it now that once his mind  
Was light as air, and frolic as the wind,  
Alike to sorrow or to vice unknown,  
That every moral solace was his own,  
Since, at an altered season, misery gave  
Sighs for the past, and wishes for the grave ?

How swiftly fly the raptures of our prime,  
Swept by the tempest of destroying time,  
Whose whirlwind lays the pride of empire low,  
And mingles nature in a wild of wo !  
Shall we then, pondering on its varied rage,  
By recollected bliss our cares assuage,  
Expatiate freely on the ravaged plain,  
Where flowed the stream, and waved the golden grain,  
Where fountains cool refreshed the summer shade,  
And hamlets gay diversified the glade,  
Where showed the sculptured fane its splendid site,  
And groves, the grandeur of diurnal night ?  
Shall we not view the altered prospect rude,  
With deep dismay, or chill solicitude ;  
And can the mind the sad reverse efface,  
By fondly musing on each former grace ?  
Where'er we cast our retrospective eyes,  
A waste of rocks, a dreary desert lies,  
HERE desolation's grasp has rent the flowers  
That scattered fragrance round our infant bowers.  
THERE the wide ruin of our hopes extends,  
Marked with memorials of departed friends.  
So the poor traveller from some Alpine height,  
Looks backward on his journey with affright,  
For still the dangers past his thoughts confound,  
And other dangers threaten still around ;

The headlong precipice, the icy pass,  
The whelming \*Avalanche's monstrous mass,  
The tumbling cliff, the torrent's sudden rise,  
The tangled forest reaching to the skies ;  
The clustering clouds that wrap the mountains side,  
The frozen mists that o'er the valley glide,  
These all in dread confusion strike his heart, .  
He fears to stay, nor ventures to depart.

Down in yon glade, beside that glassy pool,  
There stands, and long has stood, the village school ;  
Hark ! the gay murmurings of the sportive train,  
Freed from restraint, that gambol o'er the plain ;  
List their shrill voices, and their bursts of glee,  
Will future years recall their ecstasy ?  
Perchance some one, hereafter of the band,  
From the brown summit of that jutting land,  
Shall eye the well-known spot, the self same scene,  
And the thin spire that peeps those groves between ;  
Shall mark the peasant plodding as before,  
And the trim house-wife at the cottage door ;  
Shall hear the pausing bell's pathetic toll,  
Borne on the gale, announce the parting soul  
Of some old friend, who to his childhood kind,  
Prepared the kite and streamed it to the wind ;  
Some busy dame for cakes and custards known,  
Who gave him credit when his pence were gone ;  
Some truant ploughboy, who, neglecting toil,  
Joined him to seize the tempting orchard's spoil,  
Or in despite of peril spread the snare,  
As through the thicket passed the nightly hare :

\* An immense body of snow that in the spring falls from the Alps.



Then shall he think on all the woes of life,  
His thankless children, or his faithless wife,  
His fortune wasted, or his wishes crossed,  
His tender brother, sister, parents lost,  
'Till every object sinking into shade,  
He sigh, and call oblivion to his aid.

The buxom lass, who late, secure from harm,  
With gay importance bustled through the farm ;  
Tended her dairy at the break of dawn,  
Or fed her circling poultry on the lawn ;  
O'er the washed floor, the cleanly sand let fall,  
And brushed the unseemly cobweb from the wall :  
Who in the hay time met the lusty throng,  
And with her share of labour joined her song,  
To the faint reapers bore the humming ale,  
Or joked the thrasher leaning on his flail :  
By vain ambition led at length to town.  
In quest of fortune, and supposed renown,  
If there, the victim of some worthless rake,  
She chance its sickly pleasures to partake, [claim  
Mixed with the pampered crowds, whose looks dis-  
The smile of virtue and the blush of shame ;  
Will she not oft regret the cheerful day,  
When sport and freedom hailed the approach of May.  
And many a rural pair beguiled the hour,  
With evening dance beneath the moonlight bower ;  
Or left to her sad fate, condemned to rove  
The lawless paths of desultory love ;  
Will not her tortured bosom throb the more,  
Whene'er she thinks on what she was before,  
And finds, recoiling from the insidious joy,  
A secret canker every rose destroy :

While all that memory's sorcery can dispense,  
Shall add new pangs to loss of innocence.

From the dark east the yelling blasts arise,  
And clouds on clouds roll dreadful through the skies,  
With sweeping fury the impetuous rain,  
Bursts on the hills and murmurs o'er the main;  
Then to some promontory, bleak and bare,  
Fierce as distraction, reckless as despair,  
At night's cold moon, a tortured wretch retires,  
Consumed by memory's unrelenting fires;  
With smiling horror meets the piercing gale,  
Waits the barbed flash, and breasts the driving hail;  
While in his bosom with resistless force,  
Rages the direr tempest of remorse.  
And didst thou, barbarous monster! didst thou dare  
Consign to shame the violated fair:  
To loathsome penury and death consign,  
Her, whom thy flattering tongue had called divine?  
Didst thou no skill and artifice employ,  
To lure the hapless maid and then destroy?  
What kind persuasion woo'd her softened sense,  
What cunning falsehood, and what fair pretence,  
What fond endearments, mingled with the kiss,  
That promised constancy and nuptial bliss!  
And she did perish—yes, in yonder grove,  
Seduced to vice, the sacrifice of love.  
There on the chilly grass the babe was born,  
Beneath that bending solitary thorn:  
And there the infant's transient spirit fled,  
And there the mother mingled with the dead—  
Then howl thy sorrows forth, unpitied rave,  
Groan on the beach, or headlong seek the wave;

For never shall her wrongs from thee depart,  
But thought revenge thy cruelty of heart.

The slave of guilt no cordial ever found  
To dull the throb of memory's cureless wound,  
The impressive contrast of anterior joys  
With actual evils, every bliss destroys,  
He now no more, as once, delighted views  
Declining twilight melt in silvery dews ;  
No more the moon a soothing lustre shows,  
To calm his care, and cheat him of his woes,  
But anguish drops from zephyr's fluttering wing,  
Veiled is the sun, and desolate the spring,  
The glittering rivers sadly seem to glide,  
And mental darkness shrouds creation's pride.  
Nor vice alone, remembrance ! dreads thy reign,  
Virtue at times can sicken at thy pain.  
Why does that drooping youth, with footsteps slow,  
Pace the dark desert, or the vale of snow ;  
Why hold fantastic converse with the wind ?  
'Tis thou art with him, tyrant of the mind !  
Lo ! at thy call a beauteous nymph appears,  
Tricked out in flowers, yet fainting with her fears ;  
A robe of white her polished limbs conceals,  
A burning blush her secret wo reveals—  
Again he views the gay procession move,  
In all the mimic pageantry of love ;  
Again beholds her at the altar's side,  
Of age and avarice, the destined bride ;  
Marks the grey spoiler smile with joy elate,  
Hears the cold priests re-ratify her fate ;  
Forced by a parent's harsh decree to wed,  
And bathe with endless tears the marriage bed.

Then, then thy scorching fires convulse his veins,  
Her image settled on his thought remains ;  
In every shade her pensive form he sees,  
Her wailing voice is heard in every breeze ;  
He feels the pressure of her circling arms,  
Traces her sweet redundancy of charms,  
And still revolving on the dear display,  
Sinks to the earth in desolate dismay.  
Long on those spreading hills, a rustic strove  
The wants of life, industrious to remove ;  
Now bowed the forest with continued toil, [soil ;  
Now forced the ploughshare through the obstructive  
Or in his cottage plied some useful trade,  
The hamlet's boast, the glory of the glade :  
And fondly hoped a competence to raise,  
The well earned solace of his latter days.  
But times of hard mishap, and wide distress,  
Baffle his schemes, and make his little less,  
'Till driven at last from home, in want of bread,  
On the damp sod he lays his aged head ;  
And as the cherished vain ideas rise,  
Shrinks from the gale, and in remembering dies.

But most to him shall memory prove a curse,  
Who meets capricious fortune's hard reverse :  
Who once in wealth, indulged each gay desire,  
While to possess, was only to require :  
Who scattered bounty with a liberal hand,  
And roved at will through pleasure's flowery land.  
By ruin cast amongst the lowly crew,  
What doleful visions pass before his view !  
His taste, his worth, his wisdom disappear,  
His virtues too, none notice, none revere ;

Cold is the summer friend, who loved to trace  
His playful fancy's ever-varying grace ;  
Even nature's self a different aspect wears,  
Dimmed by the mist of slow-consuming cares.  
Glow not a flower, nor pants a vernal breeze,  
As in his hour of affluence and ease,  
While every luxury that the world displays,  
Wounds him afresh, and tells of better days.

Oft, when the moon beam penetrates the gloom  
Of midnight to the solitary tomb,  
That holds the relics of a wife adored,  
And his beloved children, ALL deplored,  
A mourner hies, there desolately cast,  
Woo's to his burning breast the hollow blast,  
Welcomes the screech owl's dirge, and rends his hair,  
Or half devout, half murmuring, breaths a prayer.  
Then recollection to his eager sight  
Conjures the shadowy semblance of delight,  
Shows the fond partner of his blissful hour,  
His infants sporting in the noontide-bower !  
By her again his social board is graced,  
Upon his knees, the smiling cherubs placed ;  
O'er his charmed ear again her accents creep,  
To sooth his heart and tell him not to weep.  
Her pitying gaze his deep despair reproves,  
Fondly she counsels him who fondly loves ;  
And waves her snowy hand with tenderest care,  
Points his abode, and seeks to lead him there ;  
'Till in a moment the delusion fled,  
He drops a living corse upon the dead.

As the proud vessel o'er the ocean glides,  
And seems to scorn the winds, and mock the tides ;

The jocund mariners expand the sail,  
To seize the vigor of the viewless gale ;  
From the high shrouds their caroled ditties raise  
To many a favourite maid, in notes of praise.  
But now more sullen blows the perilous blast,  
And the strong tempest works the struggling mast ;  
A moment lulls, and from the treacherous pause,  
Fresh horror gains, and fiercer fury draws ;  
In vain the pilot shuns the o'erwhelming wave ;  
Useless the caution, for no skill can save ;  
The timbers crack, the rudder quits its hold,  
At random here and there the ship is rolled.  
Then comes the fiend of memory to dispense  
Amongst the crew, affliction's keener sense :  
Dwells on each tender tie they left behind,  
Grapples the soul, and preys upon the mind ;  
Shows the lorn wife distracted at their fate,  
The weeping orphan's unprotected state ;  
Tells of the plighted virgin's ceaseless moan,  
The faithful friend's dismay, the parent's groan ;  
And as to endless darkness down they go,  
Clings to the last, and leaves the latest wo.

Observe yon structure stretching o'er the plain,  
Sad habitation of the lost, insane !  
Ha ! at the grates what grisly forms appear,  
What dismal shrieks of laughter wound the ear ;  
Heart-broken love the tenderest measure pours,  
Sighs, and laments, incessantly adores ;  
Insatiate fury clanks his pond'rous chains,  
Suspicious avarice counts ideal gains ;  
Bewildered pride the swelling crest uprears,  
And causeless penitence is drowned in tears !

Wan jealousy, with scrutinizing glance,  
On every side sees rival youths advance :  
While maddest murder waits the sword to draw,  
And ostentation flaunts in robes of straw :  
Pale, piteous melancholy clasps her hands,  
Sunken in deep thought, and as a statue stands ;  
Convulsive joy, imaginary state,  
Low envy, ghastly fear, determined hate,  
Loud agonizing horror, dumb despair,  
And all the passions are distorted there.  
Amidst those galleries drear, those doleful cells,  
The unrelenting despot, MEMORY, dwells.  
Fixed on the burning brain, she urges still  
Her ruthless power, in mockery of the will ;  
Regretted raptures, long remembered woes,  
And every varying anguish, SHE bestows ;  
This is her sumptuous palace, these her slaves,  
She reigns triumphant when the maniac raves.  
But, O ! her victims feel the heaviest stroke,  
Whene'er at intervals the spell is broke ;  
When casual reason is a while restored,  
And they themselves are by themselves deplored.

Behold the wretch, who from that cavern flies,  
Hell in his heart, destruction in his eyes ;  
His bosom burns, his aggregated grief  
Feeds on his being, and disdains relief ;  
Around he throws his solitary gaze,  
Already dead to hope, and love, and praise ;  
By sharp sensation wounded to the soul,  
He ponders on the world—abhors the whole !  
While black as night, his gloomy thoughts expands  
O'er life's perplexing paths, and barren sands :

In the dire workings of his wakeful dreams,  
The human race a race of demons seems.  
All is unjust, discordant and severe,  
He asks not mercy's smile, or pity's tear :  
Guilt, hate, and horror, drive him to the steep;  
Furious and wild, he plunges in the deep ;  
Breaths his rash spirit on the roaring tide,  
And glories that he dies a suicide.  
Alas ! he only strove to set him free  
From thy abhorred dominion, MEMORY !  
' Where are thy bounteous blessings, do they flow  
On the blank current of preceding wo,  
Or on a halcyon sea allure the sight,  
In distant, floating bubbles of delight ?  
Small consolation from past ills we gain,  
And comforts vanished, leave the sharpest pain.  
From thee does gratitude for ever find  
A settled bliss, a lasting ease of mind ?  
Dost thou not come to dull its sickening sense,  
And many a secret murmur to dispense ;  
To trace the benefactor's true intent,  
And urge his selfish pride of sentiment ?  
Recall the gracious nod that followed soon,  
The pitying smile as conscious of the boon.  
Or bid it all at once indignant fly  
From the keen sneer, the cold averted eye.  
For heart-felt wrongs thy stimulated force  
Oft wakens vengeance and impells its course ;  
Thy feverish hand lays bare each wound to view  
That it may throb, and rage, and bleed anew ;  
While all, perhaps, the injured can acquire,  
Is, not to pardon—but forget its ire.



Ask the meek nun, who fled from worldly care,  
Is doomed to long involuntary prayer ;  
To meagre fasts, and nights of broken rest,  
With busy nature struggling in her breast :  
Ask, if she deem in her forlorn abode,  
That sad seclusion is the will of God,  
That her blue eyes so languishingly sweet,  
Were meant to hide their lustre in retreat,  
And, dimmed with tears, eternally to trace  
The dull, the holy horrors of the place ;  
Those glowing lips, with vermil dew's o'erspread,  
To kiss the mouldering relics of the dead ;  
The ear's vibration but to catch the swell  
Nocturnal, of some melancholy bell ;  
Unknown the thrilling ecstasies, that move  
In the soft whisperings of the voice of love ?  
The sense of feeling drawn o'er every part,  
And all the fine emotions of the heart,  
Were they bestowed, a mournful wreck to lie,  
In the oblivious gulph of bigotry ?  
Her trembling tongue the motive would explain,  
That fixed her thus, alas, to live in vain.  
Some dread remembrance of departed joy,  
Beguiled her reason, powerful to destroy !  
Left her like yonder leafless shrub to fade,  
Hid from the light, and withering in the glade,  
Through life's mysterious vale, from day to day,  
Man, wretched pilgrim ! journeys on his way ;  
HERE towering palaces attract his view,  
THERE the lorn hovel shows its tattered crew ;

And if some casual flowers his senses greet ;  
Still rending brambles cling around his feet ;  
While, but a little onward, hangs the gloom  
That hides the solemn precincts of the tomb :  
Yet, lured by hope, a forward course he steers,  
And shuns the painful retrospect of years.  
For who, amongst the lowly, or the high,  
His traversed path with rapture can descry ?  
Some wild desire, some sad mistake has cast  
Severe remorse, or sorrow on the past ;  
Some former fault shall present solace curb,  
Or fair occasion lost, his peace disturb ;  
Some fatal chance has ruined every scheme,  
And proved his brightest prospect, but a dream.  
E'en those, who, by the million, are confest  
The noblest, truest, wisest, and the best,  
Shall in repining thanklessness declare,  
They might have been far happier than they are ;  
And oft exclaim, 'if time would but renew,  
How different were the system to pursue !'

Come then, creative fancy ! hither bend  
Thy sportive flight, and prove thyself a friend ;  
Raise by thy potent spells the castles fair,  
Which charm the eye, though built but in the air ;  
Console the poor with visionary wealth,  
And lure the sick man to the bowers of health ;  
To myrtle groves the panting lover bring,  
And scatter roses from thy fairy wing ;  
The maid adored, though faithless as the wind,  
Shall there be ever constant, ever kind,

With fond approval listen to his tale,  
Melt at his sighs, and let his vows prevail.  
Thou bid'st the soldier win, with proud delight,  
The deathless laurel of imagined fight,  
Spur his bold steed, the routed foe to reach,  
Or foremost, sword in hand, ascend the breach.  
Thy magic influence makes the coward brave,  
Gives ease to anguish, freedom to the slave ;  
Yes, he, alas ! condemned for evermore,  
To tug, with hopeless toil, the heavy oar,  
To guide the galley through the boisterous sea,  
In every hour of respite flies to thee :  
On the cold pallet stretched, his pangs subside,  
O'er his wrapt thought thy pageant pleasures glide,  
Bright views entrance him, soft illusions rise,  
Dissolve his chains, and lift him to the skies.  
The niggard wretch at thy benign command,  
Feels with new tenderness his soul expand,  
Wakens to charity, and grants relief,  
At least in thought, to every human grief ;  
Then to reward his sympathetic tears,  
Invokes prosperity, and length of years.  
Viewed through the medium of thy magic glass ;  
The loveliest scenes in gay succession pass,  
Each virtue glows in purest tints arrayed,  
In native ugliness is vice displayed ;  
For never yet has mortal predestined  
Himself unjust, deceitful, or unkind,  
To gain the prize on which he loves to brood,  
The means are proper, and the end is good.

Where'er thou deign'st thy cheering glance to throw,  
Full harvests bend, salubrious rivers flow,  
Long lakes their glossy surfaces unfold,  
And heaven is decked with more resplendent gold ;  
Spontaneous forests clothe the lonely heath,  
And all creation brightens at thy breath.

Then, fancy, hither come, exert thy sway,  
And chase the demon, MEMORY, far away !

Thou, too, forgetfulness ! whose opiate charm  
Can hush the passions, and their rage disarm ;  
Approach, O, kindly grant thy suppliant aid !  
Wrap him in sweet oblivion's placid shade ;  
Veil the gay, transitory scenes that fled,  
Like gleamy sunshine o'er the mountain head ;  
Sink in the dark abyss of endless night,  
The artificial phantoms of delight ;  
Nor let his early ignorance, and mistake,  
The sober bliss of age and reason shake ;  
Hide from his heart each suffering country's wo,  
And o'er its chains thy covering mantle throw ;  
Hide yon deluded agonizing train,  
Who bleed by thousands on the purple plain ;  
Their piercing cries, their dying groans control,  
And lock up all the feelings of his soul.  
So shall, perhaps, content with thee return,  
'Mongst vernal sweets to raise his wintry urn ;  
To his retreat tranquillity repair,  
' And freedom dwell a pensive hermit there.'  
O ! in retirement, may he rest at last,  
The present, calm, forgotten all the past :

Beside the babbling brook at twilight's close,  
Taste the soft solace of the mind's repose !  
List the lorn nightingale's impressive lay,  
That soothes the evening of retiring May,  
When the young moon her paly flag displays,  
And o'er the stream the panting zephyr strays,  
No heedless hours recalled, no festive roar,  
That once deluded, but can please no more ;  
No wild emotions bids his comforts cease,  
Or from his cottage drive the angel, peace ;  
No vain ambition tempt his thoughts anew,  
But still preserve the friendship of the few ;  
Still, still preserve the fond domestic smile,  
Of her, whose voice can every care beguile ;  
With meek philosophy his hours employ,  
Or thrilling poetry's delicious joy ;  
And from the faded promises of youth,  
Retain the love of liberty and truth !  
Or may he, wafted o'er the watery main,  
Woo the mild pleasures of Columbia's plain,  
Where the proud Delaware's blue waters glide,  
Or Susquehannah rolls the bounteous tide,  
On the green margin of each crystal flood,  
Delighted, view her daughters, fair and good ;  
Their curling tresses, and their modest guise,  
Their beauteous forms, and eloquence of eyes :  
With her free sons the social converse share,  
See grander scenes, and breath a purer air !  
And O ! when icy death, approaching near,  
Shall bid life's transient visions disappear ;  
When o'er his eyes the filmy vapors spread,  
And all the allurements of the world are fled ;

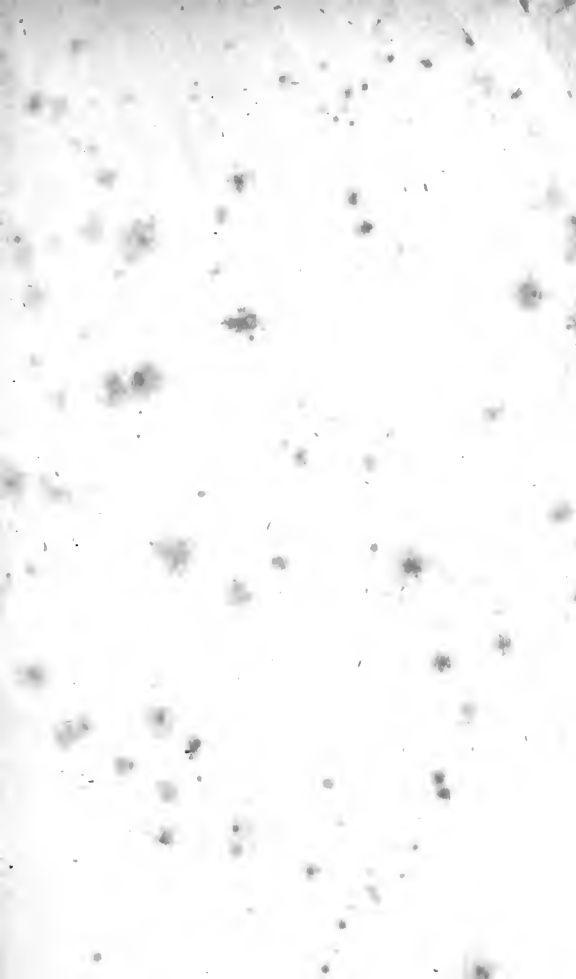
May MEMORY then her wonted pains resign,  
And from reflection waken hope divine,  
Amidst his failings still some virtues trace,  
Some fair exertions, and some deeds of grace.  
For she alone, by her consoling power,  
Can chase the terrors of that awful hour,  
From chill despair the struggling spirit save,  
And whisper happiness beyond the grave.

THE END.











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